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DIALOGUES OF THE DEPARTED.

SCENE,——LONDON.

Enter Ned, and the Ghost of Bill.

Bill.—What ! Ned ! already back ! so soon hast found
Hesperian fruits on arid orient ground ?
At my own science, lad, thou'st beat me hollow,
(And yet methinks I've got a splendid swallow.)
For tho' I bolted things more crude than iron,
Sold mane, tail, whiskers of the British Lion,
Distrain'd poor Ensign's hard-earn'd daily rations,
Made Britain kiss the breech of black-skin'd nations,
Yet full six years I plied each pliant thumb,
Scrap'd, cabbag'd, claw'd, before I made a plumb,
And thou—in half that space fly-flush and mellow !
In very truth, Ned, you're a splendid fellow !
What left I thee unclipt to meet the charge ?
I sold the Agra-gun—did'st sell the Taj ?*

* There are some who will think the following an over-estimate of Splendid Ned. The Author believes it to be a just statement of his genius and his faults. From the latter, he suffered too deeply to be prejudiced in favour of the worthy under consideration. These lines appeared in the *Delhi Gazette* in 1847.

Taj.—Although our English rendering of this name softens it into Taz, derivable from moomtaz'h, yet I think the native opinion is in favour of the j.—Taj Muhal, the Crown Palace, from its supposed resemblance to a Crown.

B

I did my best ; but not a knave would buy it ;
They talk'd of risings of Pathan and Ryutt,
A slight phlebotomy had laid them quiet,
Whilst a cool million to account, had met
My zeal, with pension fat and coronet.
Aye ! let men sneer, but groping in the gutter
Is process neat t' anoint your bread with butter ;
For all, there ta'en, be there *but* little of it,
Is downright gain, and cent per cent of profit.
But you, I hear, Ned, made exposé ugly
On those old lumbering gates, you dragg'd from Ghuznee,
Why ! what the deuce, man, did you lack for fuel,
Or old deal planks mistake for crown and jewel ?
Is't true, as say the prints, in cuerpo stark,
You danc'd and caper'd, Ned, before your ark ?

Ned.—Peace Babbler ! peace !—what manly foot would wind
The tortuous slimy trail thou'st left behind,
You see me here, not infamously rich
With foul, fat, loathsome rakings of the ditch ;
But, poor and honest, able with a frown
To brow-beat bullies, look a lion down.
Brief was my reign, but brilliant to the last !
I found an Empire tottering—fix'd it fast,

Broke with my legions Scind's deep-serried spears,
The Indus freed, and prison'd th' Emirs,
The Gwalior leopard's fangs and claws did lop,
And veteran sepoy's bless'd with—lollipop ;
Macassar'd well the lion's mane and chin,
And made him roar, to keep his windpipe in :
Drill'd the Police, a predatory band ;
Of gaunt, fell wolves made watch-dogs for the land.
And best and brightest ! crowning act of all,
Snubb'd the Greengrocers in their leaden hall,
And therefore am I here.

Bill.—Fie on thee, Ned !

'Twas like a naughty boy, to quarrel with your bread !
Learn from my case, a truth, too lightly heard,
Benignant virtue works her *own* reward.
But thou art here, for thine unjust decree,
'Gainst Scind. Fate turns the tables round on thee ;
For, mark me, Ned, if there's injustice flagrant,
It is to flay a flint or rob a vagrant.
When your *fat man* is eas'd of hide and tallow,
'Tis for *his* health and leaner mortals' swallow,
But when your grasp at Donald's breeks you dart, Sir,
Justice feels pinch'd, and you *but* catch a Tartar.
And what the fruits your outrag'd treaties bear ?
A drowthy quicksand—hungry sepulchre !

None in my justice can such flaw discover :
The vassal States liv'd out my reign in clover,
Cut throats, burn'd towns, and plundered fields at will !
What matter, so they paid their tribute still ?
The plunder'd, murder'd Ryutt's widow came,
The orphan wept, the army hiss'd for shame ;
Orphan and widow sent I to the devil,
The Treaty binds us not to intermeddle,
And if, like fools we've whilome brook'd the expence,
There's one among ye now *can* chink the pence !
For I came, not to spend, but as ye ken all,
To rake each filthy drain and sink and kennel.

Ned.—And that was treachery of the basest brand.
Ceasing to guard, we're robbers of the land,
Arm'd by the Ryutt's gold, ye'd no more right
To stand inert, and witness lawless might,
Than hath your Watchman idly to await,
Whilst thieves creep in, or burglars force your gate.
That dastard course of thine more shame hath cost,
To British faith than twenty battles lost.
A word had charm'd, disarm'd each robber horde,
Sav'd, blest :—You knew, yet would not speak that word.
The British flag by thee was taught to wave
O'er outrag'd faith, and honor's gory grave.

Bill.—Oh ! yes ! you're lean and fierce, a dangerous man ;
I'm sleek and meek, digesting all I can.
Yet, tho' 'twas pleasant, gazing round my board,
To think, how hungry Ensigns would have roar'd
O'er one least morsel of the hundred there ;
Each dish bore label of the curse "Forbear,"
In that atrocious climate, where a cat
Turns pale at cream and faints at collop'd rat,
For, if above a score I gulp'd, poor sinner,
I felt quite puff'd, and went mad after dinner.
But you, Ned, took a course to sense repugnant,
Kept lean yourself, and made the army rampant,
Were hand and glove with each hard-pated rattle,
That lov'd to give and take good blows in battle,
And 'stead of starving them, and growing fatter,
Condemn'd, as base, my master-piece Half-Batta.
Short-sighted Ned, O Heretic in creed !
What *was* a soldier made for, *but* to bleed ?
They still could sweat.—'Tis true as it is shocking,
I saw, one morn, an *Ensign*—with,—*a stocking*.
And thus it fell, that rising somewhat early,
And prowling round, without your hurly, burly,
Of guards, tin-kettles, aides-de-camp and scarlet,
I caught, fly-fresh from sleep, the rosy varlet,

One leg beneath his bed-clothes, one extended,
Whilst o'er him, sock in hand, his bearer bended.
Oh ! ho ! quoth I, the invisible see sights !
A sub with sheets and curtains—two oil-lights !
Eaves-dropping pays, tho' we be sometimes dirtied !
An Ensign *socked* !—I shouldn't wonder,—*shirted* !
Luxurious dog ! the first to make a clatter,
And prate of dirty jobs and curse Half-Batta !
So still, you see, they've feathers left to pluck,
And they're too loyal, yet, “ to run a muck.”

Ned.—“ To run a muck ?”—Oh sordid and unjust,
To pay with wanton wrong their generous trust !
Vain your vile arts their loyal faith to move ;
But when you sold their cause, you kill'd their love.
See how, when treated as becomes the brave,
Their warm heart's confidence they freely gave.
Rush'd with bare breasts to meet the firebolt's might,
And *one* kind word call'd heroes into light.
Ah ! gallant friends ! hearts trusted, spirits tried :
My sole regret still chains me to your side !
Cool, stern and keen, I've seen you wield the sword,
Gay in the camp, and cheerful at the board :
Severe in discipline, yet free of thought,
With minds self-form'd, and judgment never bought ;

And hearts, like concave mirrors rendering back
Your leader's love in bright and burning track ;
Might I still marshall you to just renown,
No conqueror's meed I'd ask, no monarch's throne.
My name with your's the spacious world should fill,
And I for you would half forego my lordly will.

Bill.—Ah ! soft to think ! and green the thought to mention !
What *can* the army give ? Ned ! not a pension !
Their love ! Ah me ! warm cloak for wintry weather !
Renown !—I'd cheaper buy a peacock's feather !
Such trash, with pinafores and A. B. C.
Throw off, and con the statesman's craft with me ;
All men be fools—our fair ones, now and then,
The greatest folly rules the greatest men.
The knave rules all ; for he is folly's mate,
And holds the pass-key to each neighbour's gate.
The hard, the sordid, selfish and severe,
Whose love is gall, whose very mirth a sneer,
Who deem themselves the *only* wise, to trust
Their heart's whole wealth to perishable dust,
These, by the coarseness of their folly rule,
As rag-stones master e'en the toughest tool ;
And who can wield them grinds all others down,
The great Tom Fool who calls this world his own.

The fools of sentiment be weak and few ;
The fools of honor, impotent as true ;
The fools of virtue, sleeker fools evite,
Their leanness dreading, shrinking from their light.

But *all* have noses, ye may hook at will !
The sordid bend to one more sordid still !
The knave submits, a master knave in sight,
And virtue's sceptics bow to baser might.
Each with his cudgel ye must soundly tan.
They credit none, until they've met their man,
These make your slaves ! and flourish, here and there,
A little virtue (much, the world wo'nt bear)
A few fine sentiments, a few wise saws,
The noble snatch, as drowners catch at straws.
For still the guileless loathe the censor's part,
And long to think all like themselves in heart.

But there's one fact in which we both agree,
'Tis that the eye can hear, the nose can see ;
* That he who neatest tips your Thug the Darbies,
Shall best brew laws, and humbug skittish Ranees.

* This hit, however, has proved fairer than might have been pre-argued from the analogy between strangling and preserving. The Sheeva proves a first rate Vyshnoo. The gallows, no longer rampant, forms a gallow's good plough, and the dignitary is as much loved and respected, as formerly he was feared.

* And iron skull, stout heart, and mutton fist
 Suit less the soldier than diplomatist.
 And so I sought through our Indian State,
 And caught our best and fattest Magistrate ;
 Made him gyves, writs renounce, the pen-case carry,
 And straight installed him Private Secretary.

Ned.—Well ! and the project answered to a Tee ?

Bill.—Not so, alas ! my Sec. went all agee,
 Slept at his desk, dyspeptic turn'd and moody
 Over green toads, and thirsted for the Woodie.
 Th' exception argues not the laws' excision ;
 So next I took a General of Division,
 A first-rate man, created for command,
 I wrenched the truncheon from his veteran hand,
 And since he sway'd so well a leading fiddle,
 Bade him as second twang high diddle diddle,
 Kow tow and smirk with darken'd disk or bright,
 Phas'd at command, a first-class Satellite.

Ned.—Well ! did it answer ?

Bill.—Can't exactly say.

The army deem'd their General thrown away,
 Sigh'd to behold the truncheon in his hand,
 And dream'd o'er happy days of his command.

* Experiment No. 2 had well nigh lost us India.

I spare to tell you how by strange disaster
I spoil'd a Brigadier and Quarter Master,
And made High Sheriff, mid the general laugh,
A pretty boy who pleas'd my better half,
Exceptions, *merely*, as had prov'd th' event,
But I, too soon eschew'd experiment.
I only wish I'd tried my K. C. B. *
Before I left the land as C.-in-C.
For who the besom sways the Staff can wield,
And he who sweeps the floor can surely sweep the field.

Ned.—You're right for once. But were you quite a fool,
Or urg'd by some mad demon of misrule,
T' exempt the sipahi ranks from cat-o'-nine,
And cut the reins of martial discipline ?
Since then, a yearly mutiny we see,
Foretold, foreseen of each dull dolt but thee,
And troops, that honor whom they fear alone,
† That fear remov'd, Prætorian Bands are grown ;
March only to the posts which please them well,
And find it golden glory to rebel.

* The Knight Companion of the Broom is an order we believe peculiar to India.

† Other causes have co-operated. The almost total annihilation of the power and patronage of commanding Officers in their corps, and of Captains in their troops and companies. This was first published in 1847.

Where is your patch, this ugly breach to clout ?

Bill.—My worthy Ned, that's your, not my look-out,
Many *have* call'd, *will* call me knave and tool ;
But none e'er deem'd me, honestly, a fool.
Gaze round the land, this island of the main,
Where be its males ? Starv'd, exil'd, prison'd, slain ;
With them expir'd our ancient hardihood ;
John Bull hath vapors, faints at sight of blood,
Sips scalding tea, John barley-corn renounces,
Deals puling sentiment, by pounds and ounces.
Where his broad foot, like Hercules of old,
Shook the deep strata round earth's nucleus roll'd ;
Who glide and trip, a fragile, fairy band ?
The vestal choir, sole guardians of our land.
These be the nation—number, voice and charms
Are theirs, and all succumb to Amazonian arms.
They, soft of heart and innocent of guile,
Slay with a frown or vanquish with a smile.
No squalling brat the birch hath taught them bend ;
Their lore was grafted at the upper end ;
The very thought of flogging gives them twitches,
'Tis so improper to drag down men's—stitches ;
Great hairy knaves, they vow, should love, not fear you,
And when I burn'd the cat, they dubb'd me hero.

And so my course I finished with eclat,
 The risk not mine, the very proof afar,
 The hiss, the sneer, were lost amid the splutter
 Of shouting mouths, chock-full of bread and butter ;
 My statue rose o'er green Calcutta grass,
 There grin my virtues, all summ'd up in—brass ;
 There crows and kites their Arch-Apostle see,
 Fleece all the World but blessings shower on me.

Enter Ghost of Wellesley in robe de chambre, tablets and pencil in hand. Ghost loquitur.

Three stanzas ! by the pokers ! fruitful muse !
 But tell me, now, what word chimes best with shoes ;
 An even toss between the Jews and Blues,
 Six !—seven !—eight !—Yes ! by Pluto, it is nine,
 And I can't find a nearer word than "rhyme."
 And breakfast stares me in the face—oh, bright !
 I'll bolt my toilet, shave and wash at night !
 Hah ! gallant Ned ! well met !—A happy thought,
 Cans't give us, now, the small-change for "Somnath ?"
 The rhyme, I mean ; for I've well-plenished grates,
 And make no inroads on my neighbour's gates !

Ned.—Confound all grates and gates and babbling prate !

Can this be he who rul'd a mighty state,
With easeful majesty and will so vast ;
Whose name burns on, a beacon of the past.
The man whose glance laid bare the mind and heart,
Whose genius prompt combin'd each scatter'd part ?
Who, e'en in embryo read the hero's fame,
And, whom he breath'd on, kindled into flame.
That mind so masterly, his brother's might
Hath less o'er-shadow'd than fill'd up with light.
Is this indeed the mighty ?—fallen how far !
The burnt out cinder of a fiery star,
Which fumes in grub-street smoke, and doggrel jeers,
And sells for ding-dong rhymes, the music of the spheres.

Wellesley.—Thou'rt vicious, Ned ! and did'st thou then admire
The once-bright comet and his track of fire ?
Methought 'twas out of memory, long ago,
Because it brought man weal, instead of woe ;
For fear, not love, the human spirit sways,
And plagues have annals, barr'd to sunny rays.
How few in after-days will dwell upon
My Arthur's praise, or stainless Washington ;
Whilst earth's dire pest, Napoleon, ne'er shall want,
T' adore or praise him, slave or sycophant.

But how, Ned, hast thou squander'd such a hest,
To paths, where thou hadst rivall'd e'en the best ?
O ! rash and headstrong ! genius masters' pride,
With nature works, not struggles 'gainst the tide.
That baton, past from thy strong hand away,
No Monarch owns the like, how great soe'er his sway.
An Empire vast, a potence scarce controll'd,
An army matchless, sinew'd well with gold,
Space for a genius, towering as thine own,
To deal forth blessings, gather in renown.
Think not, I'll herd with little minds, to vex
Thy spirit, now, when varying moods perplex ;
Yet I, thy senior, thine admirer, may,
Without offending, say an old man's say.

Thy mind, for mastery made, flash'd keen and bright,
Thro' Indian skies, 'mid gloom of blackest night.
Too early call'd to act, ere thou hadst scann'd
The system vast committed to thy hand ;
Thy bolts flew right and left, to mar or mend,
And now a monster slew, and *now*, a friend.
Sagacious, vigorous, brilliant ; with a mind
Enlarg'd, a heart beneficent and kind,

How didst thou each thrice-temper'd weapon throw
Aside, and make each generous heart thy foe.
There stood beside thee, when thou took'st the helm,
Men old in council, sages of the realm ;
Chiefs of a corps, accomplished, liberal, wise,
The Empire's guardians and the ruler's eyes,
All these, ungracious speech or careless slight,
Drove from thy side, or made thy foes outright.

See, o'er the bier of him, who fell so young,*
Victim of dastard deed and slanderous tongue,
And thy fell haste, stern justice threats from far,
And points at England's shame in England's Star.
Where is the youth, at whose heroic call,
Rush'd the wild tribes to man the‡ Macedonian wall,
Thro' ten long months of famine, toil and blood !
He shar'd their woes, sustain'd their hearts with food.
Breasted the breach, by Persian firebolts rent,
And hurl'd the stormers from the battlement.
Where is our hero ? Where Athena's doom
Consign'd her bravest—exil'd—in the tomb !

* Hammersley. See the Blue Book, 1841.

‡ Herat was fortified, says tradition, by one of Alexander's Generals, left Viceroy of the Kingdom.

His manly heart from Cheen's unmanly war,
Turn'd in disgust to memory's clouded star :
He sicken'd o'er a task, which charm'd our fell-ones,
To slice fat Chinamen, like water-melons,
Catch flying pigtaails streaming on the wind,
And garters win, for brawn-shields progg'd behind ;
The sense of service slighted, worth belied,
Pierc'd his bold heart ; he languished, sicken'd, died.
The man whose fame thro' every clime had flown,
Ere thou wert ris'n, thy heedless hand cut down.
Was he a weed ? Oh ! could our Empire boast
Such forest worthies to o'ershade her coast,
For coast defences we no more should croak,
But, trust as whilom, to the heart of oak.

Pass we McGregor and thy harsh award,
To him of stainless fame and spotless sword ;
Because aghast each lesser echo died,
In that deep groan indignant shame supplied,
O'er Outram's fate—Whose name our clarion tone,
Is honor's breath and passport to renown.
That was the bolt, thy vigorous hand requir'd,
The heart all-daring, name that all inspir'd,
The eye whose steady glow our soul inflam'd,
The boiling ardor, genius never tam'd ;

'Twas certain fame, bold Outram's stride to span,
And doubt took flight, when Outram took the van.
And when for service in an Eastern land,
The old Horse Guards sent forth her chosen hand,
A hopeful youth, refresh'd for toil and quarrel
By thirty years' sound sleep beneath his laurel,
Rubbing his eyes grim, bearded forms among
Whose manners strange, whose speech an unknown tongue.
And when the wide-awake Afghan let fly
And smash'd chief, army, in one vast cock-shy :
And British honor bleeding, trampled lay,
And thou, unequal to that stormy day,
Issued the mandate base to leave it so :
Who dar'd, in honor's cause, make thee his foe ?
In the dire gap, undaunted, take his post
And save the Realm thou'd'st given o'er, as lost ?
'Twas he, whom shame ne'er ventur'd to approach,
The Knight *sans peur*, the Statesman *sans reproche* ;
The man, whose virtues chang'd, wherever shown
The base to pure, like fam'd alchemic stone :
Or as some crystal, dropp'd amid the flood,
Where shapeless elements chaotic brood,

Converts, by sympathy's* resistless might,
Th' unshap'd, to forms of symmetry and light ;
So 'mid the robber tribes his spirit fell
O'eraw'd, inspir'd them, with resistless spell,
Till from the flood of murders, rapines, woes,
Round one bright type a host of virtues rose.
These all were men, whom had'st thou haply known,
Thou'dst lov'd and honor'd, made, heart, hand, thine own,
And guarded each as consecrated gem,
Starring thy rich, vice-regal diadem !

Hast ne'er divin'd what made *my* rule renown'd !
'Twas that I purchas'd power, wherever found ?
Whether in beardless youth, or hoary age,
Whether in sparkling life, or speculation sage,
No power could hide from mine all-watchful eye,
No ray of wit, unheeded pass'd me by,
Tried or untried, disus'd or choak'd with rust,
I traced each weapon's water through its dust,

* This power is well known to chemists. When a solution of any crystalline substance has attained a certain degree of density, a crystal of that substance dropt into the liquid causes the sudden crystallization of the whole mass.

Ground, burnish'd, rang'd them by their several worth,
And on occasion drew my blue keen Levin forth.

Ned.—Aye ! In those days dwelt giants in the land !

Wellesley.—Their sons remain, as great of heart and hand,
Who, 'neath young Malcolm's showy mien could ken,
The Captain's sway, th' historian's graceful pen ?
An Adam's, Metcalfe's, Bayley's promise know,
And all the worth of thy great heart Monro.

And thou, the greatest in thy stilly power,
First of thine age, of thy pure race the flower,
The Statesman, sage, the Ruler, lov'd and fear'd,
Companion brilliant, citizen rever'd,
Truth's own historian, classic, chaste, severe,
And less in word than life, Philosopher :
All differing creeds, all factions meet as one,
To honor thee, Mount-Stuart Elphinstone !
All passion calms as we behold thee stand,
Like Grecian temple in some barbarous land,
Pentelic marble, wrought by Phidias' hand ;
Sublime, severe, yet finish'd and ornate,
And not to pride, but virtue consecrate.
Who in our youthful scholar skill'd to find,
The vigorous embryo of that Grecian mind ?
Mine eye discern'd it ? Gaze *thou* also round,
The gems are plenteous ; need but to be found.

Here Wroughton burns his fiery genius out,
 In mending angles, fools have left in doubt,
 Or more ignoble, more mechanic toil,
 Repairing instruments for dolts to spoil.
 There, * like Lot's wife, with salt be crystall'd o'er,
 Till, not a plume can stretch, a pinion soar,
 I mark a falcon of the strongest wing,
 A bird to grace the gauntlet of a King.
 Parnassian bred and train'd in Mantua's skies,
 Neglected, lost, our captive Falcon lies,
 And droops in rage and shame, his sun-defying eyes,
 There at the Board's dull desk of drudgery, see,
 A mind had prov'd a mine of wealth to thee,
 Cool, clear, sagacious, vigorous, with store
 Of facts and practice, sound, historic lore,
 A man the Council Chamber form'd to grace,
 And in the Senate hold no second place.
 These be a few of many that abound,
 A host resistless, when they once are found.

* Since the first publication of this, death has deprived us of two of our most accomplished minds. The Translation of the Arabian Nights, so far as carried on by Henry Torrens, is one of the works of the age ; wholly unrivalled by any thing of the same kind ever attempted. The author was disheartened by the neglect it experienced, and never completed it. The author of the *Historians of India* was actually employed when the lines were written, and there was no plea for referring to him. In his case our loss is not confined to the world of letters, for none ever gave greater promise of high capacity as a statesman. Few have ever been more honored and loved by those serving under him.

But some are lost from my age-stricken sight,
And some, I love too well, to praise aright ;
A few, thine eye, chance guided, hath divin'd,
Our Northern circle rules no common mind,
And Heaven, in wroth to Scind and India gave,
The War-king Napier, idol of the brave.

Had'st thou been cast, with more of earth's alloy,
My briefer speech had cost thee less annoy ;
But spite of error, passion, pride, I find
In thy sane acts the stamp of power and mind.
Yet, not a Cyclop's arm, a Vulcan's art,
Can the tough steel, with leaden wedge dispart,
Nor, can the Engine's fiery spirit move,
If one least wheel, inapt or faithless prove.
Mindful of this, the skilful Ruler stands,
And wields, not two, but twice an hundred hands,
He knows to choose, refuse, adapt, combine,
And thousand, thousand differing wills work out his vast design.
Then, cheer thee Ned ! the mighty fall to rise,
Strong in experience, fitter for the skies.
Thy part is yet to play when Tempests lour,
And men throng trembling round the voice of power,
For haste and pride, which thy past rule profane,
Thoul't shake like Night-dews from the lion's mane.

Bill.—Hah ! hoh ! No Lion ! but a Samson's mate,
Not to be trusted with the Parish gate,
I'll give old Cerberus' vigilance a wipe, Sir,
For if *he* bone Dis' gates, *we* pay the piper.

Ghost of W.—What dirty dog is this ?

Bill.—Oh don't you see ?

Your friend and great admirer, William B.
Hight " dirty Bill," for making somewhat free,
With those possessive " Ums," the " me and te."

Ghost of W.—Avoid my sight ! My friend, indeed, I trust,
My pride will ne'er so stoop to lick the dust,
I never saw thy face.

Bill.—That well may be,

Yet I've been long, a *sort* of friend to thee ;
For sauntering, pensive, down the Hooghlee strand,
I saw one morn, your toe-print in the sand,
And straight began on great designs to dream,
Wife curfew'd Suttees, and *I* set up steam.

Ghost of W.—Avaunt ! Aroint ye !—Ned ! was that
the Cock ?

I feel quite blue, should like a glass of Hock,
We Ghosts don't stomach much the morning air,
For, sooth to say, old Dis gives scanty fare ;
A cup of Nectar, in a pail of dew,
His neatest tipple ; infamous sky blue !

Yet I've a snuggish berth : my faults confest,
They say I strove to do, and did my best.
An honest peasant is my chum and brother ;
I bless'd my country, and *he* bless'd his mother,
Mine was the skill man's latent powers to find,
He knew a turnip's flavor by its rind,
The troubled atmosphere of strife *I* guag'd,
He frosts and blights infallibly presag'd :
I planted laws, uprooted feuds and strife,
He grubb'd up weeds and set the Staff of life ;
I sent my brother Europe to redeem,
His dog kill'd cats and sav'd the Parish cream.
So equal were our scales when weigh'd together,
The beam had turn'd on casting in a feather,
Now, that our diet, dress and speech agree,
We're almost similar, as pea to pea.
He beats me dumb in politics and law,
But in top dressing we're an even draw.
He in tithes, turnpikes, leaves me not a leg,
But *my Spenserians* bring him down a peg ;
So, Ned, you see, State, Pomp, decay with Time,
But virtue lives, and lives our ding dong rhyme."

THE CAUCASIAN.

WE had been reading *Conings by*, the author of which so triumphantly proves that all virtue and all talent are confined to the Jewish Race, who we all know, are the *élite* of *Caucasus*, and we were musing over this interesting fact, as we reclined in our easy chair, at the window of our residence in Harley-street, in the early twilight of evening; when our ears were regaled with that sublime Caucasian murmur, “Old clothes, claes, cloes;” which, rushing from the hollow fauces and through the bushy beard of the utterer, had mightily the effect of a whirlwind, passing over the pine-shaded cavern of some crag of the Caucasus.

As the sound neared our window, it lingered in its sublimity, until we heard the gate of our area open, and the footsteps of the Caucasian descend. The window being ajar, we distinctly heard all that passed below, and were much struck at the kindredness of views (begotten by kindred in genius,) between the old clothes man and our favorite author; the former being limited for audience, to the not very enlightened ears of our house-maid Molly.

The spoon referred to was recovered by the activity of the Police just as the crest was following bowl and shank in the Caucasian dribble. We hope the Public will take timely warning:

for we can assure them, that the size of a spoon is no security against the spout of a Caucasian.

Old clothes, old clothes, bring out your best,

Hold not the nose, nor hawk at us :

An ancient race loves ancient vest,

The purest blood of Caucasus.

Old bottles, too, my pretty maid,

If stol'n, we think 'em none the wuss ;

'Twas Tubal Cain, who taught the Trade,

He brought the vile* from Caucasus.

And think, fair Moll, how high your lot,

To truckle rag and cork with us ;

With tooth-brush stump or gallipot,

To sway the pride of Caucasus.

For who can furbish orange skin,

The drooping cherry's glow resuss ;

Or sweat plethoric† guineas thin,

Who, like the race from Caucasus.

* Vile in the Caucasian dialect, called by Barbarians vial or phial.

† Guineas are sweated by being shaken together in a leathern bag. The gold dust resulting is carefully collected ; this art is peculiar to the Caucasian.

Or who the rusty black or blue,
The tarnish'd lace or greasy plush,
Receiving old, can barter new ?
The purest blood from Caucasus.

The cent per cents our nod controls,
Thief, spend-thrift, jockey, worship us ;
And meum, tuum change their poles,
As wags the beard from Caucasus.

Quack, fiddler, usurer, pimp, buffoon,
Their choicest heroes draw from us ;
And not a gelding* brays in tune,
If foal'd without the Caucasus.

Does conscience raise some ugly doubt,
Your ruler finds cat's paw in us ;
Kings cannot clean their subjects out
Without a Jew from Caucasus.

Dost ask sweet Moll, how this can be ?
I'll tell thee now, for one kind buss ;
As dog was made to banquet flea,
So man, for things from Caucasus.

* Braham was the mutilated edition of Abraham.

Their mongrel blood our beaks will drain,

Their purses fill they all for us :

The barbarous Briton strives in vain

'Gainst purest blood from Caucasus.

'Tis true the Arab* serves the Turk,

The Moor, the Hun, the Perse, the Russ :

The Jew does all your dirty work

With his pure blood from Caucasus.

The only harp ye skill to touch,

Derives its name and frame from us :

Ben Nevis makes your mountains crouch,

And Ben's a Jew from Caucasus.

To bait the noble Lion King,

To yelp and snarl, and bark and fuss,

His foot-prints dig for hidden thing :†

No cur like him from Caucasus.

* I need not say that the Arab, Moor and Persian are Caucasian Races. The Turk, Hun and Russ Mongolian.

† See the speech of Benjamin on occasion of Sir Robert Peel having dined with some of the opposite party.

Your clumsy bull, must close in strife,
And of one pat is all the wuss :
Thy yelp incessant dings out life,
Heroic cur of Caucasus.

Thus Genius, might, the true sublime,
Who plucks a Realm or drives a buss :
Sage, hero, poet, statesman, mime
Are old clothes men from Caucasus.

So, having made all clear as noon,
Let's wind up with a cozy buss ;
I've known a housemaid bone a spoon,
I knows a spout in Caucasus.

Here the discourse ended in certain not very describable sounds, hovering between the smacking of a carter's whip and the chinking of halfpence, interrupted now and then by a half stifled giggle : and not having much confidence in Molly's discretion, we cleared our throat pretty distinctly. The sounds ceased. The area gate opened and closed. The Caucasian murmur cloes, cloes, cloes, was renewed and gradually lost in distance.

Next morning, sure enough, a silver spoon was missing ; but having a clue to its Caucasian destiny, we placed Molly in the hands of an intelligent policeman, and by good fortune the spout

was arrested just as the crest and cypher on the spoon were following bowl and shank in their dissolution. The Caucasian proprietor of the spout, on being taken into custody, proved to be of the Tribe of Benjamin, and of the family of Israel. We understand that he is author of the Psychological Antiquities of Monmouth-street—so versatile is the genius of these Caucasians. It is remarkable that, among the numerous and brilliant qualities of Caucasians, we find no mention by either author of honesty. Query. Did they forget to bring it with them from Caucasus ?

LAMENT OF THE COLOSSUS.

I'm the horror of all, who survey,
From the Queen to the vender of soot ;
Who behold in mid air with dismay,
A huge nose and a Wellington boot.

O! Magnitude, where are thy charms?
O! Brother of Rhodes, for thy face!
How did'st thou get over thy qualms,
At the laughter and rampant grimace?

Mr. Punch, at my woes thou wilt melt,
We're related as ev'ry one knows,
Who remembers what punches I've dealt,
Or considers our family nose.

And if I settled France with my arms,
Thou hast drubb'd her thrice o'er with thy wit ;
King and Nation, convuls'd with alarms,
Speak in whispers of what thou hast writ.

And they've wall'd* Paris up in dismay,
And they faint if a northern breeze blows,
Or a bruit from the *pas de Calais*
Of the loom of your Majesty's nose.

Didst thou ever grow out of thy skin?
Hadst ever a dropsy of brass?
Wert ever haul'd up by the chin,
Jeer'd and hooted by crowds as they pass?

Hast thou ever, fast nail'd by the leg,
In derision's foul pillory sat,
Till athirst for a ripe, rotten egg,
In love with an honest, dead cat.

Whilst cows at your view drop their calves,
Your avatar men, trembling, descry,
Since the earthquake last issued her cards,
No bug-bear so monstrous as I.

O! Glumdalclutch, gentlest of maids,
Haste, haste thee to succor thy knight,
Let us fly from these pigmy Arcades,
To Brobdingnag's halls of delight.

* Punch was banished from France by the King who fortified Paris, perhaps to keep out this formidable intruder.

For Committees are sitting by tens,
The fate of your love to despatch,
All clucking, like fifty brood hens,
Who the eggs of the Cockatrice hatch.

I hear them, I hear them full well,
Conning votes over scalding green tea
And Coventry, Jericho, H—I,
Are their mildest of missions for me.

Archdukes and archduchesses all,
Archbishops, Archdeacons, archdrakes,
Do your arches ne'er totter and fall ?
Have ye never your little earthquakes.

Were ye foal'd at the crown of the arch,
Or hoisted aloft in a tow,
Or did clitterlings unction and starch
Uplift you, no mortal knows how ?

Good luck to your keystones and piers,
To see, coronet, principedom and crown,
I would give you all mine, with mine cars,
If ye'd show me but how to get down.

Like the Lord of Otranto I'm grown
 Too big for the place of my birth ;
 'Tis in vain they would seek me a throne,
 For there's not one safe settle on earth.

St. Paul's will have nothing to say
 To a monster so hugely o'ergrown,
 The Abbey replies in dismay,
 " I've a big enough nave of my own."

Th' Exchange would exchange* what she's got
 For the ugliest Saint of the choir ;
 But observes that the fry pan, tho' hot,
 Is a little less hot than the fire.

Imagine I stand grinning *there*,†
 Like a bad shilling nail'd to a till,
 To bid jobbers and brokers beware,
 War's an uglier counterfeit still.

The ladies' flash man in the Park,
 Declares me an over drest prig,
 Would he give you a fig for my talk ?
 Not he—nor the *leaf* of a fig.‡

* Viz., another statue of the Iron Duke. † At the Exchange.

‡ The history of this naked Statue may be almost forgotten. It was built by a subscription of Ladies, who provided no more than a fig leaf, toward the wardrobe of their child.

King Charles, were his throat right and tight,
Might admit têtes-a-têtes, it is said,
But since canonised, fancies I might
For a cannon ball fancy his head.

And as for the Prince's big bomb,
He'd enough of your bullies at Cadiz,
He intends still to beat his own drum,
And reserve all his bows for the ladies.

Old Smithfield prize-oxen has known
Prize calves, sheep and pigs by the score ;
None e'er ventur'd, he vows, with a groan,
To propose a prize-butcher, before.

The Pyramid thanks me. She knows
I'm professor of slashes and wops ;
The honor's immense, but she vows,
She's had rather a surfeit of Cheops.

Oh ! were I maggot to creep
Into some little filbert so snug,
Or dormouse in slipper asleep,
Oh ! were I a bug in a rug.

Then the giggle of church-going Belle,
The jibe and the jest would repose,
Nor Sally, nor Fanny, nor Nell
Came to hang her lampoons on my nose.

This world of Tom Thumbs is aghast :

There's but one realm a hero may drop in,
I'm a wapper, from first, Sir, to last :

Oh ! give me the ticket for Wapping.

THE LEGEND OF RANIWAR.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following is little more than a versification of a favorite Legend of Huzara.

On first entering that beautiful valley, walled on three sides by rugged mountains, and at the time terrible to my Seikh followers for the defeats their bravest had sustained from the Mountaineers ; I was struck with an isolated summit, which, through the mists, at the time obscuring the landscape, appeared of gigantic dimensions. As I became familiar with the country, this impression was effaced by higher summits, and by the view of this peak itself in the clear azure of the heaven. Still, its isolated position, its peaked figure, the tremendous precipices of 5 or 600 feet which scarp its summit northward ; its utter destitution of inhabitants, and the romantic legend attaching to it, have caused it to retain a peculiar interest in my imagination.

Mount Serrh forms, so to speak, the southern boundary pillar of the valley of Huzara. It is a mass of limestone sloping southward in rugged spurs, but precipitous to the north. Not only the blue mountain limestone, but many beautiful specimens of cherry limestone, are found in its mass ; which starts up from the

plain, like a giant, to the height of 1,500 feet, covered with a belt of thorny jungle ; the acacia robusta. The summit is a succession of flakes of bare limestone, weather worn, having shrubs in the natural clefts and fissures. A more wild, more desolate eyrie could scarcely be imagined. There is not a drop of water upon the hill, nor even at its base. The very river Hurroh, on approaching it, dries up. Yet, upon this summit, it is said, a young and loving pair dwelt in days of yore. He, a Raja of the Hunse Tribe, and she, the Rani, his bride. Some say that he chose this retreat because it was inaccessible to the rakuss, a gigantic monster in human form, who having no knee joints, could not climb a mountain. But according to common belief, Pir-than, a much steeper rock, was the chosen haunt of this monster. Tradition is silent regarding the origin and previous history of the Raja ; but he lived a predatory life.

The Hunse Tribe may possibly be the Huns of history. There are points of approximation. They were strangers in the Punjaub about 1,800 years ago. Their habits were predatory. A few are still found near this mountain. They are Hindoos, and are by Hindoos said to be descendants of Rajpootres by Goojjur mothers. The Goojjurs of the mountains of Huzara, again, have the names of Rajpootre families. They seem to be the oldest Tribe in that country, and live a pastoral life amongst the wildest mountains, cultivating, however, wherever a plough can be turned upon the

mountain. They are probably the descendants of some old Shepherd race. They appear to me to be, on one side at least, the progenitors of the Rajpootre tribes. Those living in the higher mountains are remarkably fine, athletic and brave men, honest and inoffensive in their manners. They make good a proverb of Huzara, that a milk diet nourishes the bones.

On the north-eastern spur of Mount Serrh, are the ruins of a village said to have been peopled by the Chowwindi tribe.

Serrh appears to be a corruption of the Sanscrit word Shurr, a precipice.

The tradition seems to have been orally transmitted as a ballad. But I have not been able to recover more* than two lines of it.

At the north-western root of this mountain, is the village of Raniwar ; taking its name from the death of the Rani referred to in the tradition. It was in the lands of this village that she fell.

* They are these :—

Ooneha Serrh boolunda bè-nomaya jah

Troont, troont, mooiya Raniya Huns Rae Chootar.

THE LEGEND OF RANIWAR.

“ Oh ! go not forth to seek the fight, my Prince, my warrior stay,
 Fell phantoms haunt my swimming sight, my sinking heart dismay.
 What be the wealth, the pomp, the power, that tempt thee forth to roam?
 Time was, thou deemd'st thy Lylie's bower fairer than Kaisar's home,
 Wert thou as blest in thy poor bride, as I am blest in thee,
 Thoud'st pray t' arrest each fickle tide of chance and destiny :
 Thoud'st bid the planets stay their flight, the swift-wing'd sun delay,
 Lest this young vision of delight, their whisper'd songs affray.

“ What monarch's throne like ours is pil'd ? The blue sky girds us round,
 Mass pil'd on mass, in pomp most wild, beetles the cliff profound.
 See where the eagle, lord supreme of Heav'n, to mortals known,
 Floats as in some blue ocean stream, a hundred fathom down,
 Wheeling amid the crystal tide his shadow flecks Huttarr,
 Now falls in swift, eccentric glide o'er rock-girt Raniwar :
 Our vassal he, our realm outspread, all subject to thy brow,
 Calls not for one sad care or dread, Earth's grov'ling Tyrants know.
 Thou'st taught my step the rock-deer's speed ; the path I dance in glee,
 The rock-deer self would shun to tread, untrain'd of love and thee.

One only care sits fell and drear, o'er my else lightsome breast ;
Oh ! would'st thou quit this life of fear, thy bride were fully blest.
What lack we of the wealth, thy hand, still wrings in mortal strife,
From all who wield the battle brand, at peril of thy life ?
Ah ! should'st thou fall by some dire blow, by Treachery's artful wile,
What were thy poor, wreck'd Lylie's woe, who lives but in thy smile ;
And ; ah, my love, hast never fear'd, that one, of thee cut down,
Might be, like thee, belov'd, rever'd, of some poor mourner lone ?
Nay, that the wealth, our cup of bliss needs not to swell its flow,
The orphan babe may sorely miss, the widow lone forego ?”

So spake the Hunse King's fairy bride, as thron'd in savage state
On Serrh's high mountain peak of pride, with her young lord, she sate,
Yet as she spoke, with woman's wile, she made each word a snare,
With fond glance deck'd and sunny smile, t' enthrall him unaware.

The Raja to that fond appeal caressing answer'd gay,
“ And would my young, sweet traitress steal the Warrior's palm away ?
What were life's round of grov'ling care, extinct our glory's fire,
With noble souls to do and dare, in victory's arms expire ?
No peasant mourns his rifled hoard, no traveller grey or lone
'Ere curst Ursulla's reckless sword, Ursulla's heart of stone.
But, when the falcon, plum'd for fight, sails forth the skies to swim,
Who blames that bird of stronger flight, out-soars and checks at him ?
How should I merit smile so bright, that pure hearts sovereign throne
If fame could point a braver knight than calls that wealth his own ?

“ See where the silvery-footed Dohr, the blithe, the mountain-born
Clasps with her bright waves’ fresh’ning store Maun’s terrac’d
mound forlorn :

There her glad waters gushing wide o’er Abisara flow,
’Mid waving crops of emerald glide, ’mid sunny pastures flow.
Thron’d in Iskunder’s castled walls, of *Yavan’s race renown’d,
Vonones† rules those stately halls with pomp and plenty crown’d.
This day with falcon, steed and hound Teer’s hollow cliffs shall ring,
He wots not of the game shall bound to meet the questing king :
But he who hawks the Dove may meet the Eagle stooping down
Or coursing hare with greyhound fleet, confront the lion’s frown.

“ Here, safely in thy rock-delv’d bower, too rude, alas for thee,
Rest thou beyond the Rakuss’ power, and long as floating free
My pennon waves, let hope’s bright glow thy gentle spirit cheer :
But, if, with banner droop’d in woe my scatter’d band appear,
Then know, thy lover’s hand no more this fairy hand shall press,
His lip love’s honied accent pour nor shower the fond caress.
But fear not loveliest, gentlest, best, the heart thy beauty warms
Is in etherial temper drest, to foil a world in arms.”

He clasp’d her fondly to his heart ; there like the vine she grew,
Seem’d it, the storm, those stems would part must both in ruin strew.

* Yavan is believed to be the name by which the Baktro and Indo Greeks were known in Hindi Annals.

† Vonones is one of the names of the Indo Greek Dynasty of Kings, but I have no authority for proving him a contemporary of these lovers.

CANTO 2ND.

Night heaves amain her sable tide, the golden floods of day
Behind Gundgurb's dark ridge subside, rich crimson strews their way,
Subsiding, aye, in soft decline, beneath th' incumbent might
Of heav'n's delicious, sea-like line of molten crysolite ;
Where in her bark eve's Fairy Queen, with one, her chosen star,
Floats t' o'ertake the golden sheen, bliss-wafted, free and far.
Who doth not long with them to float, down that all-glorious tide,
To realms of bliss in worlds remote, where such bright beings glide.

See from Hurroh's pure, rippling rill, the grey her'n wends his way,
To where beneath Serrh's giant hill nod groves of olive grey ;
The white stork wings her fairy flight, the eagle seeks his cairn,
The gulls, in flakes of snowy white, back to their cliffs return.

Streaming from distant brake and hill back to their welcome home
In endless files succeeding still, the herds, deep-lowing come.
Behind their stately patriarch clann'd in phalanx close and deep
Wends slow the shaggy satyr band, the young kids round them leap.

Or, where from mountain browse they flock, recall'd by shrillest cry,
 Reverb'd from cavern, cliff and rock, like winged things they fly.
 The children of the golden sun flee his stern rival's wrath,
 And night, dire queen, her reign begun, calls all her monsters forth

Now crouch the mountains, fetter bound in her strong stygian chain,
 Strown in their sullen gloom around, they whelm th' affrighted plain.
 Old Bliaingra bows his laughty crest, Aornos, weird and vast,
 Who fosters nations at his breast, covers in the midnight blast,
 O'er Aba Sind's strong flood he reigns, and worlds of forest pours
 To vales remote, wind-ravag'd plains, and where Sinde's torrent roars.
 Crush'd is Tunnowl's gigantic mass on dizzy cliffs up-hung,
 And crouch'd to let night's chariot pass tri-crested Siri Bhung.
 Pirthan the last to yield hath bow'd, gloom-whelm'd the rocks of Wah,
 And nearest of the giant crowd kneels star-watch'd Junnoo Mah.

But what the star so lone and bright, Serrh's mighty summit fires,
 Whose lovelit beam out-watches night, the sleepless Pole out-tires ?
 'Tis Lylic, pale and beauteous Queen ; her ever-restless eye
 Hath flash'd o'er all the shifting scene, as day's slow car rolled by ;
 Hath seen Heav'n's purple, crimson fleck'd, the orient portals wide
 Burst, by the weight portentous wreck'd of Night's o'erwhelming
 tide—

And now, with eye which every ray of that deep blackness fires,
 And heart, that each Night monster's bay with hectic hope inspires,

She, anxious, holds her vigil lone on Serrh's gigantic spire,
 Cold is her heart as marble stone, her brow throbs fever's fire.
 "Was that a shout? My heart be still, thy tumult wild restrain,
 Those floods, that hoarsely roaring fill with deluge black my brain,
 Again, more deep. But no! his voice, like that to shuddering foe,
 Hath tones which, aye, my heart rejoice, light up my spirit's glow,
 'Tis the dread tiger's roar; his prey, perchance, the lov'd, the lone,
 Young glory of a heart once gay, now wither'd as mine own.—
 A spark, a torch—Oh! see, it moves, it flits thro' seas of gloom,
 Thrice blessed ray! he lives, he loves, unseath'd he hies him home—
 'Tis brighter, nearer,—flash by flash its pale green rays dart forth,
 Thro' greenwood brakes the horsemen dash, love goads, as lately, wrath—
 For like Ursulla who may ride? the steed he strides aye springs,
 Inspir'd of him with tameless pride, upborne on falcon wings—
 So bounds he, joyful to the fight, and so, the battle o'er,
 Darts, like a golden ray of light, to bless his bride once more."

It nearer drew, that pale, green spark, flash'd, faded, died away,
 Set her fond hopes in gloom most dark, 'twas but the firefly's ray.
 How endless seem'd that night of woe, but night itself wore by,
 Pal'd the dim stars Aurora's glow, the golden sun rose high.
 He rose to greet an aching brow, a heart forlorn to blight,
 O! golden sun, what ray hast thou for orbs bereav'd of sight?
 The breeze of morn from sleep awoke on old Moachpoora's breast
 With rustling wing the trancement broke of Nature's hallowed rest,

And with him rose from brake and spray, from copse and blooming thorn,

The minstrel bird of blithesome lay, young prophet of the morn.

The mist that like a veil was worn, upcurl'd and roll'd away,

Blushing as bride on nuptial morn, th' awaken'd valley lay,

Rich gemm'd with dew, night's freshening dower, all bright with
bashful grace,

Tears scarcely quell'd by love's blest power and smiles that
tremors chase.

Meanwhile Teer's cliffs and wilds had rung to peals of heady fight ;
Vonones brave, the gay, the young, fell 'neath Ursulla's might.
And back he spurs his courser fleet, full flush'd with glory's pride ;
His joy, his triumph incomplete till shar'd with his sweet bride.

'Twas whilst the rocks and wilds around, to pealing echoes rang
Of steel arm'd hoofs that bound on bound o'er brake and dingle sprang,
That, reining back his war-steed bold, the chief in sportive vein,
Bade droop his banner's silken fold, as for their leader slain.
"So shall *her* joy, who waits me there, from this *her* transient woe,
Gush forth in fount more bright and fair, in tide more blissful flow."

Young Lylie, from her watch-tower lone far 'mid the dewy sky,
Mark'd the bright gleam of arms glide on with rapture kindling eye.
Fluttered her heart, her panting breath, her trembling limbs betray
Life's influx strong that threatens death, hope's flush most like dismay.

But when she view'd the banner fold, droop'd heavily in woe,
That preconcerted sign which told her young heart's Lord laid low ;
With shriek, that spake the heart chords burst, she stretched her
 snowy arms,
One moment, o'er that verge accurst, pois'd light her angel charms,
Then plung'd into the gulf profound, like some bright shooting star,—
Its heavenward path her spirit found, from the rocks of Raniwar.

NOTES TO THE LEGEND OF RANIWAR.

See where the silvery-footed Dohr, the blithe, the mountain-born

Clasps with her bright waves freshening store Maun's terraced mound forlorn.

The little river Dohr, rising in the mountains of Tuarpotre, is wholly consumed in irrigating the valleys of Rujooia and Huzara. It sweeps under a terrac'd mound, (the last root of a mountain) which has been artificially levelled and scarped by fire-worshippers or by Boodhists, and is called Maunkera, or Manikrae.

O'er Abisara flows.

Abisara seems to be the old name of Huzara, not only according to the Greek historians but, probably, also by the Raja Tarangini, which speaks of a district of Cashmere by that name as a retreat of the Monarch from the rigour of winter.

Iskundur's castled walls.

Iskundur and Sikundur are the Eastern rendering of Alexander. The old capital of Huzara, Sikundurpoor, bears record of its Grecian origin in its name.

Teer's hollow cliffs.

I name this locality according to tradition. Teer is a village at the southern foot of the Tunnawul mountain.

See from Hurroh.

This river rises in mount Moachpoora, and fertilises the Kanpoor district, being wholly absorbed in irrigation.

Old Bhaingra bows his haughty crest.

This is a remarkable, isolated peak, about 9,000 feet high, forming North

Western Tunnawul, and comprising the Lilliputian principality of the late celebrated Poynda Khan.

Aornos wild and vast.

Aornos was on the western bank of the Indus near its exit from the mountains. It was a very considerable and remarkable mountain. See Strabo, Arrian and Curtius. I believe it to be identical with mount Mahabunn—which can turn out 12,000 match-lock-men.

Crush'd is Tunnowl's gigantic mass.

Tunnowl forms the centre of Huzara—rising to the height of 7,500 feet in the peak Bilhiana—Its formation is very rugged and precipitous.

Kneels star-watched Junnoo Mah.

This name is variously interpreted,—Some say it should be Junnoo mar, *i. e.*, a spot where the Junnoon or Jins, evil spirits have power to harm—Others make it Junnoo Ma, mother of the Jins—others more commonplace say that it is Junnoo mar or shin-breaker, owing to its being a succession of rugged steps or small precipices.

Old Moachpoora's breast.

This mountain, about 9,000 feet high, stands on the right bank of the Jelum in the Dhoond country. It is much resorted to by faquirs and jogies from India, who believe that at night spirits descend visibly as flames of fire upon certain roots and plants of alchemical properties.—The Hurroh rises in this mountain—The river Dohr rises in another and higher summit of the same ridge—One of its processes forms the new Sanatorium of Murri.

THE PARTING HOUR.

WHEN sullen tolls life's parting hour,
 And I to thee must breathe
 That farewell word of blighting power,
 The curse and sting of Death.
 Then, check thy grief, thy sobs restrain,
 And let thy gentle voice essay,
 To soothe me with that halcyon strain,
 Lov'd of both, when both were gay :
 Buoyant then the step that bore us,
 And the World lay bright before us ;
 Joy and peace smil'd sweetly o'er us,
 Sorrow, far away.

Methinks my soul would lighter wing
 Her new and venturous flight,
 Buoy'd on the song, which thou canst sing,
 To regions of delight ;
 Where newer strains, but none more dear,
 Shall bless the Stranger's ravish'd sense,
 And only thine be wanting there,
 To perfect Music's eloquence—

Breathe, then, breathe each liquid number,
Till Death fall peaceful as the slumber,
Which pillow'd on thy breast would cumber
Each bliss-tranced sense.

Thine, thine should be the latest breath
That vibrates on mine ear,
When call'd from thine embrace by Death,
A heavenly choir to hear ;
While still in every Angel strain
My Seraph's voice I fondly trace
And search the glowing choir in vain
For her soul-witching grace—
For love so twines my heart about thee ;
Memory shrines thee so devoutly ;
Lonely were my soul without thee,
Ev'n in that blest place.

And when within its narrow hall
The heart, which throbs for thee,
Shall silent rest and thou shalt call
In vain, fond girl, on me.
Then, be nor pomp, nor mourner near,
But if thou canst thy sobs restrain,
Awake once more, and I shall hear
From Heaven that well-remember'd strain,

And, if my wing avail to bear me,
Leave those joys awhile to tarry,
Hover fondly round my Fairy,
Bless thee once again.

CHILDHOOD.

SEASON of hopes and joys and fears,
 Brief ante-past of withering years,
 Reign of the warm, confiding breast,
 I tremble, whilst I style thee blest.
 Small are thy cares, thy woes are light,
 Thy sorrows short, thy prospects bright,
 Compar'd with those of after days :
 Gay is thy spirit's buoyant wing,
 And round thee smiles perpetual Spring,
 Brief showers and sunny rays.
 And thou hast kist, with lip of flame,
 Life's cup of blended flow :
 Its nectar thrills thy glowing frame,
 Forgotten every woe :
 And pants thine inexperience'd breast
 With eager thirst to quaff the rest.

I styl'd thee blest :—but, art thou so ?
— Methinks thine answer still is “ No ! ”
Is then each light and trivial care
The utmost thy frail strength can bear ?
And doth each pang of early woe
Suffice to pierce thy bosom through ?
And, if thy sorrows trivial be,
Sayst thou, they're all in all to thee ?
Ah ! what avail thy prospects fair,
If, only, *truth* be wanting there ?
Or what thy verdure-bearing spring,
If the first wind a storm may bring ?
Or how can this thy chequer'd lot,
Be blessed, if thou know it not ?
Yet, Childhood, all thy woes confest,
I *must*, and all *will* style thee blest.

I, too, have sunn'd me in thy smile,
Have tried thine every proffer'd pleasure,
Have prov'd thy falsehood, known thy guile,
Yet love thee fondly, still, as ever.
For that same hand which set me free
From thy gentle tyranny,
Hath crush'd my hopes and laid them low,
And ting'd the locks of youth with snow,

And I must meet my fellow men,
Not as in youth I met their smile,
Not loving, trusting, frank as then :
But watchful of their guile :
Must check the yearning of the heart,
Must quell the sparkle of the eye,
And trace the gladiator's art,
When warm vows flourish high.

And if to love, my lot must be ;
Then, peace farewell, woe, woe is me !
That cherub which to childish heart,
Could still such gushing bliss impart,
A demon with our growth is grown,
A Fury, rending, one by one,
Each nerve that thrill'd to transport wild,
The loving, trusting, guileless child.

Then slighted love, or, drearer far,
The downfall of the worshipp'd star,
From its throne of bliss and light,
To dimness or the gloom of night,
Or, if our love meet fond return,
And glory, still our star inurn ;
Yet, Death, the tyrant, ever near
To blight the bud most fair and dear,

The gloom of his dark wing will throw
And thrall in slavery of woe.

When yet a child and sorrow prest,
A paradise of sacred rest
Receiv'd me at a mother's breast. }
No paradise, the man must know,
Save that beyond the Dead Sea's flow ;
And grov'ling human minds have striven
To cloak in gloom each hue of Heaven :
So that the voy'ge to that blest shore
Too many as a curse deplore ;
And Him who frees Man's struggling breath,
Array in terrors, dread, as Death ;
And should I paint the scene that lies
Before me sketch'd, as paradise,
Th' unholy scorn of minds devout,
Life's tranquil peace would all blot out.
But, ah ! *that* woe, what tongue shall tell,
Which dogs stern Manhood's day,
When dews of morn, that sweetly fell
And sparkled gay o'er mead and dell,
Drinks up life's sultry ray ?
When, that bright promise, Hope, supplied
To youthful heart, hath droop'd and died :

The heart, whose gay untarnish'd wing
Would still the bright prospective follow,
And what to-day had fail'd to bring,
Still trusted to the morrow.
O'er all stern Truth has cast his blight ;
The morrow hath no sunny light ;
But woes, to-day escap'd, shall borrow
Wings to o'ertake our flight, to-morrow.

O ! Childhood, thou, whose unchain'd wing
Can, blithe as larks, upsoaring, spring.
Who hast not watch'd th' untimely blight
Of each fond promise fair to sight,
Thou, that Hope's smiling votary art,
Thou that hast yet a trusting heart,
Thou, whom Death's shadow ne'er dismay'd,
Thou that hast never been betray'd,
Thou, for whose use on Earth still rise
The flowers and fruits of paradise ;
Thou, that hast yet a home of rest,
A Country and a Mother's breast,
How can I doubt to style thee " blest." }

Mhow, 1832.

THE RE - UNION.

DEEP in the liquid crystal shrin'd
 On bed of golden sand,
 Where no unbroken ray may find
 The billow-covered strand—
 Where coral rocks their splinter'd peaks
 Of countless hues display,
 And many a sea-plant vainly seeks
 The light of upper day.
 Immers'd in haze, so softly clear,
 Of such a pearly hue,
 That every object seems to wear
 A softer semblance, too ;
 A beauteous form extended lies
 In deep and tranç'd repose :
 Clos'd are the curtains of her eyes,
 Her cheek hath lost its rose ;
 O'er her transparent ivory neck
 The clustering ringlets shed
 Around the lilies of her cheek,
 And o'er her graceful head

A charm like that (so sad and sweet)
Bleak, wintry tempests fling,
When ruthless, strewing at our feet
The fairest flowers of spring.
His sacred trust old ocean feels
And stills his surge's roar,
A sweet and solemn anthem peals
O'er the far-resounding shore—
The Kraken huge draws nigh to gaze,
Expands his hundred eyes,
His hundred arms, a wildering maze,
Unwary ships surprise.
But here, with sudden awe opprest,
His terrors lays aside,
With drooping eyes and mournful crest
Hangs o'er the peerless Bride :
And trooping Mermaids cease the song
Nor comb the sea-green hair ;
But group'd around, a silent throng
Stand chill'd and drooping there.
See where the Mistress of the Deep
Her march majestic bends,
O'er floods that roll and waves that leap,
Her sceptre calm extends,

The gales of Heaven with tempests rife,
Her bellying canvass fill,
O'er all sea-wanderers arm'd for strife
She rules with despot will.
With muzzles black, a surly row
The bull dogs grim of war,
Rang'd tier on tier, threat death and woe
And thunderstrike afar.
The dancing wave insults her prow
And leaps divided back :
For many a rood the waters show
The ponderous Monster's track :
Yet, with the fawn or naiad's step,
O'er Edith's grave she treads,
Where all the nurselings of the Deep
In reverence bend their heads.
Proudly the Ocean Queen sweeps on,
But in her wake doth float
O'er ocean's waste, forlorn and lone,
A small, unmasted boat,
A frenzied form o'erhangs the prow
Down gazing, deep and long ;
The wild locks shade his haggard brow
Wild words inspire his tongue.

“ My Edith, wilt thou ever lie
 All cold and silent here ?
Nor e’er unclothe that radiant eye
 Thy lover’s heart to cheer ?
Must the soft magic of that voice
 For ever cease to charm
The object of thy tenderest choice,
 His troubled soul to calm ?
Say, must that soft bewildering smile,
 With all its dimples sleep,
Nor more his bursting grief beguile
 Who would, but cannot weep.
No longer wilt thou roam with me,
 Amid the flowers of Spring,
The fresh-apparell’d woods to see
 And hear the linnet sing ?
And must I wander all alone
 Where once I roam’d with thee,
Where thy sweet presence, loveliest one,
 Was all the charm to me ?
And when sad Autumn stealing nigh
 Shall strew o’er tree and bower
Those tints which made thee muse and sigh
 In many a happier hour—

And when the long, drear winter eve,
Once charm'd by love and thee,
A thousand, thousand thoughts shall breathe,
All withering thoughts to me.
Say, must that drear, that silent hall,
Ne'er hear thy voice again,
And on the echo-banish'd wall
Thy lute, untun'd remain ?
And who, or what, shall comfort bring
As sweeps the night-breeze by,
And wakes to life each silent string
In dismal melody.
Wake, my belov'd, my Edith wake,
Thy sleep hath lasted long ;
Those slumbers from thine eyelids shake,
That spell from thy dear tongue.
But, ah ! 'tis vain, 'tis vain to call,
For Edith hears no more !
O'er the cold waves mine accents fall,
Unheeded in their roar.
And can my voice not reach thee, Love,
That thou yield'st no reply ?
Why sleeps the blush this glance could move,
Love lighted at mine eye ?

Or dost thou wait, until I press
Those silent lips to mine ;
Would'st cheat me of one soft caress
By this still pause of thine ?
I come, my Love, my Bliss, my Bride,
Life is but where thou art ;
Nor fate, nor death shall long divide
The petals of our heart."
A flash was seen, a plunge was heard,
At morn an unmann'd boat
Drifting with wind and tide, appear'd
O'er Ocean's waste to float.
The Bridegroom his young Bride hath found,
The Bride her partner blest ;
And both, in Ocean's depths profound
A sweet and solemn rest.

Kurnaul, 1829.

THE APPEAL.

HUSH'D is the breeze ; the fairy cloud hath furl'd
 Her purpled wing, soft lighting in the vale ;
 Dim sounds, faint echoes of some distant world
 Now languid rise, now lingering melt and fail.
 Thro' dews of eve Love's star is trembling pale,
 Pale beams the crescent of the Queen of Night
 Afloat in Heaven, without oar, helm or sail,
 Yet, there to rule supreme, by Beauty's might,
 O'er suns and rolling worlds, that star th' etherial height.

Have we not wander'd, oft, in this fair scene,
 Thy hand, like fairy treasure, clasp'd in mine ?
 And if 'neath skies of Spring or Heavens serene,
 Mine eye was blind to every charm but thine,
 Say, did'st thou chide ? And when the mountain pine
 Flung o'er the gale of night its ocean-moan,
 And the Night-bird pour'd forth her thrilling chime,
 If mind, soul, sense absorb'd in thee alone
 I heard that heart's sweet throb ;—did'st chide me, loveliest one ?

Unchang'd that scene to other eyes,
 Earth's bloom as sweet, as soft the skies,

From dingle deep to mountain brow
Flowers bud and bloom. But where art thou ?
As fair, on earth's empurpled breast,
The golden sun sinks down to rest,
Flooding the course he late did hold
With sheeny mist of purpled gold,
As fair, as soft the haze-depths grow
In vale and dell out-spread below.
And thro' them seen in soften'd line
The forests dense of mountain pine,
The cedar's stalwart ranks array'd
And Rhododendron's crimson shade,
Where trooping from the mountain brow
They crowd each gloomy vale below :

All, save the oak—he scorns to shoot
In baser soil his lordly root.
He better loves the greeting rude
Of tempest with the mountain brow ;
And, thron'd in Alpine solitude,
To watch the eagle soar, below,
Cleaving the liquid fields of air
His kindred thunderbolt to bear ;
He scorns the deep, sequester'd dell,
And finds a grander, prouder spell,

High poised above the drear abyss,
Or brooding o'er the precipice.

Scenes of such grandeur once possess
A magic influence o'er my breast,
For sever'd from my fellow-men

By taste and feeling all mine own,
Nature my earliest love hath been,

My page her charms, my seat her throne,
My friends her rocks and hills and trees,

My canopy her ether blue,
My sweetest draught her mountain breeze,

My richest gems her spangled dew :
The gurgling murmur of her rills,

The plaintive echo of her grove,
The rattling of her chariot wheels,

The torrent, brawling from above,
And far excelling all the rest,
The still, deep silence of her breast.

Which seem'd to say in thrilling tone
That she was mine and mine alone :
These, these had ever been to me
Strains of unrivall'd melody,

Until *one* voice dispell'd the charm,
Supplanting it with tones more dear,
And when these faded, too,—the calm
Of spirit was no longer here.
My ties to Nature all were sunder'd,
Her's was an alter'd aspect now,
To me her glance reproachful wander'd,
And bent at me her beauteous brow.

And thus, in loneliness and gloom,
Thou wert my spirit's worshipp'd star ;
Thy ray did still my heart consume,
Unseen, but scorching from afar.
I clasp'd thine image in my mind,
I saw, felt, heard, but only thee ;
Save the lone fane where thou wert shrin'd,
Earth's courts were barr'd to me :
And if to Heaven I turn'd despairing,
Thou in each Heaven-tun'd thought wert sharing.
Burthen of every soul-fraught prayer,
Thy name, sweet girl, was murmur'd there—
I ask'd no blessing, but to see
Heaven's choicest bliss descend on thee.

Ah ! blame me not. The wounded bird
That once hath heard the bulbul's song,
Must ponder o'er each note, each chord
Of that wild measure ; tho' the throng
Of woodland songsters, vainly gay,
Should strive to while his dream away,
And raise his drooping lid and wing :—
Their notes are solitude to him :
He hears a voice they cannot hear,
He feels a spell they cannot feel ;
His outward wound attracts no care,
For who the wounded heart can heal.
He would not, if he might, forego
The spell which causes all his woe.
And when life's subtil spark at length
Neglected sheds its dying ray,
It fires him with unwonted strength,
Which shakes his prison walls of clay.
That strain of deep-ton'd minstrelsy,
Long hoarded, ponder'd, brooded o'er,
Lights up awhile his heavy eye,
Till soul and voice run o'er ;
In one wild measure, deep and strong,
It vibrates from his quivering tongue ; .

As if each meditative power,
Each lonely day, each silent hour,
Had been employ'd, engross'd alone
In perfecting that wondrous tone ;
As if that first, last strain had been
His waking thought, his slumbering dream,
Since first he plum'd his wing to fly
Or tun'd his heart to minstrelsy.

THE ROSE'S BOWER.

'Twas morn : within the Lily's cloak
 Of tenderest green, young Cupid woke,
 Yawn'd, rubb'd his eyes, a wing stretch'd out,
 And then a hand and then a foot.
 " Good sooth," he groan'd, " you lily-flowers
 Keep most unfashionable hours,
 A Man as well might tippie dew,
 As hope for a night's rest with you."

" A Man," replied the laughing flower,
 " A Man, and in the Lily's bower !
 Oh ! 'twill never, never do :
 You little monster, out with you."
 " Nay, an your mood's still soporific,
 Cold pig's a most approv'd specific."
 With that, the Lily's lily-fingers
 Did with the sparkling treasures toy,
 Which Night, whose soul near Beauty lingers
 Had o'er her wept for very joy ;
 And flirting o'er the slumbrous child,
 The sheeny shower, so brightly smil'd,

That, starting up, with peevish cry,
And cheek, deep flush'd and slumbrous eye,
He deem'd the fair thing glass'd before him
Young Iris, weeping, bending o'er him.
Pouting he spreads his glistening wings,
And rapt in his light whirlwind springs
Of scorn and wrath ;—while scatter'd far
Each dew-gem turns a strolling star,
That, shooting, whiles, thwart lover's path,
Breeds jealousies and petty wrath,
Freaks and distrust and wondrous troubles,
That crack their cheeks and end as bubbles,
Or, maniac-like, set Thames afire,
Leap in the flames, and so expire.

“ Oh ! how I hate your Blondes,” said Cupid,
“ Can anything be half so stupid ;
Their innocence. Ah ! fie upon it,
'Twould make a drone of any hornet.
Now, here I've been the night long dozing,
In the sweet valley of her bosom,
Whilst one of her bright locks did twine
Around me, as some laughing Vine
The Elm embraces : yet, no sooner
Name I the name of Man unto her,

Thou, modest as your grandame's petticoat
With ice-cold-pig she fairly pelts me out.

“ But I will to my Rose's bower,
Most modest she, as fairest flower.
Clos'd is her guarded wicket still
As 'twere t' exclude the morning chill,
But, in good sooth, to baffle wooing,
Till all the world be up and doing.
For modesty becomes my Rose,
'Tis native, as the moss that grows
Around her, height'ning, where revealing
The shrinking grace 'tis half concealing.
Oh, dearer far the sharpest thorn
Around that decent bosom worn,
Than all the flaunting tulip's dower,
Or sheepish grace of lily-flower.”

And, now, above his chosen shrine
Young Cupid pois'd the wing divine ;
That purple wing, at whose slight quiver
The sternest hearts are quell'd for ever ;
Whose lightest pulse upheaves an ocean
Of tumult, doubt and soft commotion.
He mark'd the unobtrusive air
Of order, stamp'd on all things there,

Where modesty, no flaunter sly
Who veils t' attract the public eye
Had hung with sweet, appropriate grace
Her chosen emblem's dwelling place.
Here was, indeed, no wimple green,
Close-muffling all that should be seen ;
But Cupid from experience knew
Such cloaks will serve a double view,
The shrinking charms of Beauty hide,
And sundry funny things beside.

" I wonder," said the god, apart,
" If I have touch'd her gentle heart.
Last eve, when I, on bended knee,
Begg'd to partake her nectar'd tea,
She blush'd and smil'd and blush'd anew,
The smile said ' Yes,' the blush said ' No !'
'Twas innocent delight that strove
'Gainst bashfulness of dawning love.
Oh ! words be false and oaths are ever
The tinsel wealth of the deceiver ;
But in the rich, all-eloquent streak,
Whose vermeil stains the virgin cheek,
He who can err, deserves the title
And antler'd frontlet of the beetle."

Scarce ceas'd he, ere the lattice shy
So coyly screen'd from prying eye,
Op'd with a cautious swing and slow,
And issuing forth, the pink of Beaux,
A spruce young Bee in sprucest trim
Of fashion's ultra-vagrant whim,
Stood on the window sill and drew
With careless slam, the lattice to ;
Then spread his wings in act of flight,
But Cupid, whom th' unlook'd-for sight,
Had paralys'd in speechless horror,
Recov'ring, grabb'd him by the collar.

The young buck trembled in his gripe
For jealous Love, like grapes unripe,
Is full of aches and sore repenting,
And cramps and spasms unrelenting ;
And Cupid's rosy brow grew black as
The irate frown of purple Bacchus,
But rallying quick, the dapper beau
Call'd to his cheek youth's bashful glow,
And droop'd his heavy eyelids low,
And stood, the very quintessence
Of artless, smock-fac'd innocence,

“ You scoundrel ” cried the angry god,
“ What brings you to my love’s abode ?
Is this, young thief, a fitting hour
To enter maiden beauty’s bower,
Or do young maids at toilet prize
The aid of those round, staring eyes ”

“ Sir,” said the Bee, in modest wise
Raising, to drop those large bright eyes,
Where every ray in meekness tricked,
Looked, from the contrast, doubly wicked.
“ E’en Beauty’s self needs some refection, Sir,
I am her Grace’s chief confectioner.”
“ But see ” he lisp’d, in foppish wise,
Flashing in Cupid’s dazzled eyes
A jewell’d time-piece, which might cope
With lever-balanced heliotrope,
“ Tis six o’clock, as I’m alive,
And I’m expected in the hive ;
Queen Bess, with reverence be it thought, Sir, }
For she’s a Monarch’s sacred daughter, }
Is a born devil if you thwart her.
’Twas but three days ago, when late
I enter’d by the palace gate

With pap of rhubarb for the nursery,
Her Grace let fly a monstrous curse at me,
And back'd it with a flying slipper,
The most atrocious little tripper,
That e'er beat thyme, or thridded yet
The mazes of the mignonette,
A thing to see and scarce to feel, Sir,
But for its awful, seven-fold heel, Sir,
Which like a thunder-bolt did whiz on me,
Within two inches of my phiznomy."

All this in childish lisp was said,
Which sooth to say, but ill agreed
With the precocious style and wit,
Of the young, finished exquisite.

Love is short-sighted, all agree ;
Yet when supplied by jealousy,
With yellow barnacles of horn, leers
Thro' solid millstones and round corners.
He shook the young Bee by the throat,
Till strangled close as Gordian knot,
A tie the exquisitest, that
E'er drew the folds of a cravat.

Ten pretty Asphodels the sight
Beheld, turn'd pale and swoon'd outright.

“You, a confectioner,” cried Cupid;
“You think me either blind or stupid ;
You bear my Rose her quantum sufficit
Dews, crystalline and vermeil possett,
Say but again, that my sweet Flower
Would the gross condiments devour
In which young grub-form Drones are spawned,
And, tailwise, with a furious hornet
I'll have you lash'd mid hail and thunder, Sir,
Or by wild Emmets dragg'd asunder, Sir.”

“You speak advisedly,” replied
The young Bee with a glance of pride,
Freeing his collar from the holder,
And countermarching o'er his shoulder
A most unconscionable sting,
“Your designation's just the thing,
It is indeed our fashion ever
To be, not giver, but receiver,
This little bundle 'neath our arm, Sir,
Was forc'd upon us by a charmer,

Whom, though your blush be out of date,
We've rather patronis'd of late."

Cupid aghast with horror stood :
Th' effrontery of that mettled blood
Amaz'd him sore : and now his ire
Kindled to flames of raging fire ;
Now sudden sank, than, Zero colder,
As the long sting peer'd o'er the shoulder ;
It struck him suddenly, that he
Might gain from that young coxcomb Bee
Something more useful than a snubbing
Or chance of a confounded drubbing.
So lifting up his voice the higher,
As sank his valor's cumbrous fire,
He answer'd sternly, "Just it were
Such words presumption's tax should bear,
But thou'rt a beardless child and I
On one condition pass them by."

"You'll find me man enough," replied
The Bee, "whene'er our manhood's tried,
But since I've many a manly reason
T' avoid disputes so out of season ;
Name your demand.

“ First then declare
How gain'd, you, Sir, admission there ?
Next by what suit or service humble
You've wheedled from her such a bundle
Of costly favors, which t' obtain
I've sued her oft and o'er, in vain.”

“ Ah !—hah !”—replied the coxcomb thing,
Switching his spur with his long sting,
In languid negligence the while,
And condescending just to smile
As much as dandy may, nor hatch a
Death-feud with his haberdasher—
“ Green,—very green, 'pon honor. Hah !
How did I enter ? Very raw,
'Pon my veracity. The door,
What think you, it was fashion'd for ?”

“ But *I* implor'd on bended knee,”

“ And *I* implor'd *not*,” said the Bee,

“ I was denied.”

“ Of course you were,
Who ever heard of doors, that prayer
Could move. But every door must fly,
If proper levers you apply.”

“What then were yours?”

“Oh! very green!

I bade the fair one let me in.”

And she?

“Refused me flat.”

Well, then?

“I told her I must enter in,
By window, door, or chimney; I
Car'd not a straw by which; could fly
Aloft, below. But thought the glass
Kept storms out better as it was,
And that her ladyship might weep
O'er woes of smoke-dried chimney sweep,
Without a fresh example; so,
Rather than spoil the pride of Beaux,
She op'd the door. Perhaps you know
A likelier method?

“But, her eye,

So timid in its purity,
The blush that her young cheek suffus'd,
When she my falter'd prayer refus'd,
To share with her, the nectar'd tea,”

“All pretty toys,” replied the Bee,
“For pretty boys on bended knee.”

“But yet I see not—”

“Therein lies
The secret. Love hath horn-blind eyes
You see not : and I look all through,
The difference this ’twixt me and you—
Think you the bat with wings of leather
Hath chance ’gainst bird of gayest feather,
Or that the Fair your woes will pity
When to increase them looks more pretty ?”

“Cease your comparisons, and tell
When gain’d you entrance to her cell ?”

“At Beetle’s second bugle call,
Last eve when bowers were fasten’d all.”

“Last eve !—Would’st have me then suppose a
Nine hours’ tête-à-tête with Rosa ?”

“Why, yes !

“Tis monstrous by the powers ;
And how were spent those nine long hours ?”

“ Why, rather slow, I own. And first
I sipp’d the nectar’d tea, till thirst
Gave place to dull satiety.
Then ask’d a song ; for, e’en your bee
Must pay for Rosebud’s favors. So
Sinking with easy grace, you know,
Back in my chair : and with the heart, Sir,
And constancy of any martyr,
And legs upon the rose-wood table,
I bore, as far as flesh is able,
A fearful series of high quavers,
And squalls and shakes and dismal clavers,
Until good Morpheus had compassion
And succor’d me in his own fashion.
Well, sir, I slept in Night-mare hideous
Of tongs and shovels, such as diddle us
At swarming time, and by good luck, Sir,
Woke as the rumbling din broke up, Sir,
Snoring a loud encore.”

“ Well ! well ? ”

“ Why, let me see ! we took a spell
At gammon : but she plays so high
And cheats, Sir, so consumedly,

I soon was forc'd to cry her quarter.
So then, we had a little laughter ;
A passage, more or less, on beauty ;
And here, I deem'd it *but* my duty
To give her sundry hints on blooming,
And just a wrinkle in perfuming."

" That was considerate."

" T'was more.

I next allow'd her to explore,
My thoughts profound on bows and sashes,
Charlies, spurs and sabretashes,
The cravat's tie and which the best coat
T' indue o'er the Narcissus' waistcoat."

" What next," cried Cupid, biting hard
His nether lip, like laboring bard.

" Why, then, my wit, that she might gather,
I gave her tongue unbounded tether,
And shading with a wing my eyes dropt
Sound asleep, until the din stopt.
By this, I heard a lattice near
Fly open ; and in mortal fear,

Lest e'en a whisper reach the court, Sir,
That such as I had burnt a thought, Sir,
On country rose, prepar'd to trundle,
So packed her favors in a bundle,
And spite her tears and sighs. Oh, fie,
'These roses—'pon my honor, I ——"

"Coxcomb," cried Cupid, losing patience,
"Those favors rich, those curls of fragrance,
Those amber kisses, those insipidate
Soft sighs and pearly tears :—how is it
That thou hast wheedled her and won
Treasures, I'd set my heart upon ?
How didst thou such a harvest reap ?"

"By holding all exceeding cheap,
And making it a monstrous favor
And condescension to enslave her."

"All this to me is downright rot."

"Of course. The blarney you've not got."

"The blarney ; what is that ?"

"Ah ! hah

'Pon' my honor, very raw,"

Replied the Bee, his fingers twirling,
Where a pet whisker just was curling.
“The blarney, Sir’s the key of riddles,
The very fiddle-stick of fiddles,
By which upon mankind we play,
And make them dance our own dear way.
My friend, just take th’ advice of one
Who knows some little of the ton.
Cut sentiment—bid feeling sleep,
Let camels kneel and sea-calves weep.
Waste not on barber’s tongs your sonnets
Burn books and pass critiques on bonnets.
Discard your manners—draw a neat boot
Over a somewhat exquisite foot.
Hang out a waist-coat, Sir, like that,
See to the tie of your cravat ;
But, above all, steal fashion’s glass, Sir,
The blarney get and use macassar.”

Candahar, April, 1839.

ADVERTISEMENT.

My name is Henry Hart,
 At 26, Pall-Mall, Sir,
 Professor of the Art,
 Of shaping out your shell, Sir.

For if a Gem, we hold
 You're none the worse of setting,
 Or if you're sterling Gold,
 You're surely worth the netting.

And if you're honest Lead,
 Why, into shape we'll mould ye,
 Or if a hearty Blade,
 We've scabbards here will hold ye.

Or if opprest with Brass,
 Our shears will shave it clean, Sir,
 Or if a Royal Ass,
 Your ears shall not be seen, Sir.

Do manners make the Man ?
Or seamanship the Sailor ?
Or stratégie the great Captan ?
Oh ! no, Sir,—’tis his Tailor.

A man, Prometheus made,
And taunted Tonans gaily,
A bungler in the trade,
We make a *dozen* daily.

A *man* he made, belike,
But never a Man-maker,
Like that ere little cross-legged tyke,
(Wife says there’s no mistake, Sir.)

Bid Monarchs do their best,
An Earl they’ll haply garter ;
But Majesty itself’s a jest,
Till the concern we charter.

I’d like to see a King,
Without continuations,
Come forth to ask the civil thing,
A slice of the wealth of nations.

The poorest beggar there,
Whose hurdies we endower
O'er such a draggle tail'd affair,
Would like Goliath tower.

So what can globe, or crown,
Star, sceptre, him avail, Sir,
Who withers in the frown
Of Henry Hart the Tailor ?

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Raja Sri Kup of whom the following tradition treats, is by no means a fictitious personage, although fictitious attributes are now associated with the name. This name, Sri Kup, which is Sanscrit, has, in the course of time, been subjected to a punning interpretation, as if it had been Persian. Sir-i-Kup, the head cutter. And upon this pun has been based the tradition that he played dice with his guests for their respective heads. His dice table is shown in the Fort Mungla, on the Jelum. The foundation of his palace on a spur of the mountain just above Shinkiari of Pukli, in Huzara. Near it is a tope, where was the palace of his brother Raja Sri Sookh, a great chatter-box. He seems to have reigned from Rawul Pindi to the North of Huzara. I have seen mention of him in some ancient travels, but cannot at this moment find the passage.

THE LEGEND OF RAJA SIRIKUP.

THE clouds had long been gathering in the West, and night settled upon the earth in unusual gloom, with promise of thunder and tempest. Entangled in one of the wildest of the glens of Pukli, Russaloo, as night approached, had entirely lost his way ; and for hours wandered in uncertainty, through the tangled forest, crossing and re-crossing the brawling stream of the Sirrun, cumbered with slippery rocks. His love of the chase had beguiled him into a region, known to him only through the songs of minstrels, as inhabited by half savage-tribes, who owned allegiance to a monstrous tyrant, called for his misdeeds Raja Sirikup.

In pursuit of a wounded bear he had that day wandered from glen to glen, until uncertain how far he might be from the village, near which his silken pavilion was pitched : but he had good hope that the rivulet in whose mazes he was now entangled, might be one of the tributaries of the Sirrun, and if so, by following its course, he must eventually reach his tent.

His gallant horse had attended him throughout the day, being indeed seldom mounted, but following his master's steps like a dog. Now, however, that the ground allowed the Raja to mount, he was glad to regain his saddle, after the unremitted toil of the day. And as the valley, shadowed on either side with cliffs and

pine forest, now wore the gloom of utter darkness ; he left to his steed the selection of a path, trusting that his instinct would be a better guide than the reason of his rider.

Nestling behind the Raja on the croupe, clung the faithful and mysterious companion of his fortunes, a cat, which never quitted his presence. She had appeared shortly after the death of Beera, some say that very night, and no one knew from whence she came. She had at once attached herself to the Raja, with a devotion unknown to the treacherous and selfish race to which she seemingly belonged, and there were strange whispers as to her origin. She was of snowy white, with a spot of rich tortoise-shell upon the forehead. The eyes were of dark blue, and the lashes were of ebon black. She took notice of none but Russaloo. Would take food from no other hand. And if forgotten by him, never broke her fast, although care was taken to place food ever in her reach. This whim had at times vexed the Raja, who, living a life of constant toil and hazard, sometimes found that he had forgotten the necessities of his silent companion, and had exposed her to suffering by his neglect. He was annoyed that she would not help herself to the food placed for her by his care. But the creature never relaxed in the course first adopted. She claimed in return for her devotion to Russaloo, that he should daily interest himself about her ; when his interest should cease, her presence should cease to haunt him.

She generally slept in his lap ; never out of his sight. Often she might be seen gazing upon him, and apparently blind to all beside, that might be passing around her.

Russaloo now took her to his bosom, and shielded her in his mantle from the night air. Long had he pursued his course in the darkness, avoiding with difficulty the tangled branches of the pines and aspens, which, trooping down from the mountain roots on either hand, formed a dense canopy above the torrent : and at length perceived in the brief, bright flash of the lightning, that the glen had opened out into a narrow valley, where, here and there, a field of canary seed betokened the existence of the human race.

The storm was now raging in all its fury around the solitary and massive peak of Bhaingra. A dense canopy of night enveloped the mountain ; and beneath its shadow the forked lightning flashed with dazzling brilliance, whilst the roar of the thunder rolled sullenly up the valley, like successive billows of the ocean, upon a tempest-vexed coast. And hurrying along the mountain ridge which walls the valley of Pukli, northward, the vanguard of the tempest had already advanced ; a ragged mass of watery clouds, whose wings were the squadrons of the night blast. Heavily descended the large half-frozen drops of rain ; few at first in number, but increasing as the tempest advanced. And, soon, the higher peaks of the mountain around Russaloo, were

engaged in conflict with the thunder, and he was enveloped by the skirmishers of the night storm.

This to Russaloo was no novelty. Inured from childhood to every vicissitude of weather, the elements were his familiar companions, and he could enter into the spirit of their frantic revels ; or enjoy the calm serenity of their repose. But his horse had been without food since day-break. And however himself, careless of comfort, he might have enjoyed the elemental uproar quite as well, if less exposed to the drenching rain and to the heavy masses of ice, large as nutmegs, which the welkin imposed upon him under the name of hail. He was therefore not sorry when, on emerging from one of the ravines that crost his path, he perceived far to his left a blood-red beacon blazing upon the mountain side, in spite of the drenching rain. His horse also perceived the beacon, and being left to his own guidance, picked a perplexed and dangerous path ; now skirting the crumbling ledge of a precipice, anon threading deep and dark ravines, often no wider at base than the hoof of his horse.

At length, after much loss of time, Russaloo found himself at the foot of the mountain spur, around which a dangerous spiral path ascended to the beacon, whose flame battled with the night tide and with the storm.

As Russaloo wound his horn at the portal, the brazen gate swung back upon its pivots, and the Raja and his steed entered.

Upon his right appeared a stall, garnished with fodder, and thither Russaloo led his horse, and having removed the saddle and harness, threw over his back a blanket, and placed before him a feed of barley, almost forgetting in his care for the comfort of his trusty companion, to wonder that no attendant had yet appeared. This was the more remarkable, that the building and its furniture were all of the costliest material and fabric, better suited to the palace of a king, than to the stable of a horse. Moreover, all bore the appearance of being daily looked after and set in order. Having seen to the comfort of his horse, he now turned his steps to the hall, over the door of which a brilliant lamp was burning.

At the head of the hall, upon an elevated platform, ascended by three marble steps, and richly covered with brocades of gold and of silver, and with carpets, the woof of Ariana, sate a magnificent figure, in robes of purple, with a diadem around his turbaned brow. He rose as Russaloo appeared, and descending from the dais, greeted Russaloo by name as his brother, and led him by the hand to his throne, where, with the courtesy due to a guest, he seated Russaloo upon the throne, and himself occupied the corner of the carpet. The manners of this august personage were high-bred and courteous. It was impossible to underrate his rank. Russaloo regarded him with much curiosity, and marvelled that one whose bearing denoted such high rank, should be so wholly unattended.

No one has lived much in dependence upon his own faculties

and in constant intercourse with nature, without becoming a physiognomist. They who mix much in the bustle of life, have the delicacy of their natural instinct blunted by continual contact with those whose existence is matter of no interest to them. But to the more solitary, or to him who only occasionally meets his fellows, every character becomes a study and a concern of moment. And to such, the changes of the countenance are more eloquent than the language of the tongue. Whilst the continual presence of nature preserves fair and undimmed the mirror, upon which every reflection is received. Russaloo was not many minutes in the company of his host, without receiving rather a decided impression of his character.

At a signal made by the host to some invisible presence, a hand grasping a golden ewer emerged from the wall on one side, whilst a golden beaker was advanced from the quarter opposite. Russaloo performed his ablutions in wonder at this fresh marvel. Then from the opening floor there rose a silver tray, filled with dishes of gold, the contents of which invited the appetite of the fasting traveller. To the first course of pullaos and khawabs, succeeded sweetmeats and preserved fruits, with bowls of sherbet of every delicate flavor and scent. Each appearing and disappearing in the same mysterious manner, without the visible agency of man. Russaloo's spirits revived from the good cheer, and his curiosity regarding his host rose with his spirit.

"My noble host," he said, "had I not seen things more wonderful, I should marvel how such a household as yours can be maintained, without a single visible attendant."

"Many," replied his host, "have thus marvelled. The fact is, I find the heads of my servants more useful than their bodies."

This was uttered with a peculiar meaning, which, despite himself, caused Russaloo to shudder.

"I cannot comprehend you," he replied, "I see neither heads nor bodies."

"No !" replied his host, "That pleasure is in reserve for you. Follow me and I will show you my collection of skulls."

He led the way through a dark and narrow passage, which ever descended, until it seemed to Russaloo that they must have penetrated the bowels of the earth. At length the passage opened out into a spacious hall, which would have been pitchy dark, but for a triple row of human heads, lining the entire area, the eyes of which shot forth a phosphoric gleam, into the gloomy vault above them. The whole had so much the effect of an apparition or a vision of distempered slumber, that Pussaloo discredited the evidence of his senses. He looked in expectation to his host, who observed :

"Did you ever see a finer collection ? I am, however, short of the 9,999, which you know is the perfect number, and will make me master of the destinies of man. You see there, elevated

above all the rest, at the head of the hall, a bracket of gold and gems. He will be greatly honoured who gets that place. It is reserved for a hero."

As he said this, he looked with a covetous eye at Russaloo's head, and with the eager air of an auctioneer who expects a bid.

Russaloo, however, was well enough content with the present position of his attic, and had not the slightest idea of offering it as a candidate for such election. On the contrary, it once or twice occurred to him to substitute his host's. But he was a guest, and had no right, whilst under his host's roof, to make free with his windpipe.

"And pray, what is the use of this very curious collection of heads," he enquired.

"List and you shall hear," replied his host.

With that he took two gold-knobbed sceptres of rock crystal, attached by fine chains of gold to a caldron, from which some hellish liquid gave forth a suffocating fume ; pronouncing at the same time certain cabalistic words, he described a triple circle with the knobs of the wands around a heavy looking, thick-lipped, pug-nosed, blear-eyed head, which sat at the foot of the row in front, and was manifestly plebeian. The effect was magical. Every muscle of the countenance started into life and attention. The lips were compressed, the nostrils inflated, the eyes sparkled with intelligence, and followed the motions of the wands ; the

leathern ears pricked up, and the transformation was complete of dull, inane, stolidity, to keen wit and deep sagacity. The host now applied the golden knob of one sceptre to the ear, and the golden knob of the other to the lips, and said to Russaloo, "He is now ready to answer you any question you may be curious to ask. But I must caution you that he will answer most perfectly those which pertain to his own department."

"Which, I presume," said Russaloo, "is that of a cobbler."

"You are right and you are wrong. Circumstance made him a cobbler. Nature had endowed him with the capacity of a mighty conqueror; as you may perceive by passing your hand, presently, over his cranium, where you will find acquisitiveness on a scale truly sublime; self-esteem a mountain; conscientiousness two vasty pits; locality like the vizor of a helmet; number, destructiveness, combativeness, and cautiousness full; and benevolence just sufficient for clap-trap purposes."

"And what might such endowments do for a village cobbler? Did they make him a conqueror over the foes of leather? Teach him to give it endurance to triumph over these stubborn rocks, or was he one who had kicked until his neighbours

"Could tell whether

His shoe was Spanish or neat's leather?"

"You are pleased to be facetious, but the study demands your

gravest attention. Mungloo Khan, by the power of circumstance, was the greatest cheat, the greatest bully, the greatest liar, the most over-bearing, hard-hearted cobbler in Pukli. But had he fallen into the niche for which nature designed him, he had proved the most admired conqueror of his age. As it was, so great was the genius of the man, that although universally suspected and distrusted, he was never detected ; and although he had not a friend in Pukli, where he was generally detested, it could scarcely be said that any dared be his foe. And when the mountaineers of the Black Mountain came down to foray Pukli, the Zemindars, with one accord, rallied round their fighting cobbler, and repulsed the assailants with loss. Speak to him, however, if you have any thing to enquire ; but remember that he knows more of the sublime trade for which nature designed him, than of the grovelling craft to which he was born."

Russaloo accordingly addressed the head :—"My friend, how like you your present position."

"Try it yourself," was the answer.

"How are the Kings of the earth just now employed?"

"As usual. Making fools of themselves and victims of their subjects. The Bala Rae prepares to attack the Maharaja, and the Maharaja to meet the Bala Rae, and each secretly resolves to run as soon as matters grow serious."

"And which will prevail?"

“He who longest conceals his intention, viz., the Maharaja. He will be termed a mighty warrior, for having the longer concealed his fear. But a greater fool than either is Russaloo, who has placed himself at the mercy of Sirikup.”

Here the wands were withdrawn from the head, which lapsed into its former lethargy. The eyes dimmed, the muscles relaxed, the lips projected and lost their firm expression ; and host and guest remained contemplating each the other with emotions very different in kind.

In the heart of Sirikup the triumph of a virtuoso in exhibiting a collection of unique gems, blended with a covetous inclination, scarcely resistable, to possess himself of the head of his guest, which he saw would be the chief gem of the collection.

In the heart of Russaloo, horror and detestation were slightly shaded with that mysterious awe, which the brave have been known to entertain for a cat, a conjuror, or a bailiff. Under any other circumstances he would have drawn his sword and have done his best to complete Sirikup's collection with the head of the collector. But the sacred name of host restrained him, and he determined to arm his heart, to endure all the horrors of this den of butchery, in order that he might the more effectually purge it, the instant his obligation should cease.

Meanwhile Sirikup entered with enthusiasm upon his office of Cicerone, and as he passed around the triple circle of heads, the

caldron which rolled upon wheels of gold followed all his movements, impelled by some unseen force.

"I told you," he said, "that I find the heads of my attendants more useful than their bodies. Now, here is a remarkable example," pointing to a heavy blubber-cheeked head which sat in the back row. "That fellow was born my dewan.* His father's father had been dewans time out of mind, so that I suppose all the intellect of the race was used up. This however had befallen in the service of my family : so that I could not discard him : the more especially as he was the head of a potent class."

"You therefore murdered him," interposed Russaloo.

"I debated the matter long in my own mind. It was absolutely necessary to be rid of this live lumber, which clogged every wheel of the Government, and did more mischief to my people by its inertness than a dozen could have affected by absolute malevolence. Now, I pictured to myself the condition of this unfortunate ass, turned out of an employ which had descended to him as a heritage. From having held the second place in name, and the first in solid power in my realm, to be dishonored, disowned and despised. Whither should he turn for comfort ? His wife was a scold, his home was childless. The picture of his deplorable condition brought tears into my eyes. I had not the heart to

* Dewan—Minister.

verify it. Now, death is the final scene alike of every farce and of every tragedy of life ; but dishonor is a strange misfortune. And what is it we fear in dying ? Either a cessation of powers in which we exult or an entrance upon a state more gloomy or more torturous than existence itself. But if I could save my faithful servant from both of these, surely I was his real friend, and should best consult his true interest. And there you see him, in excellent company : a lean miser on one side, a fat gourmand on the other ; men whose ideas will never trouble him for small change ; his own faculties enlarged and improved by entrance upon a wider field of experience ; not a jot, nor a tittle of his importance diminished ; but as you observe, a richly jewelled bracket to support, as a throne, his head, and the dewan's staff of office standing behind him. Now this I call a manifest improvement upon the former arrangement. The dewan's condition is bettered, and instead of a heavy burthen upon the machinery of Government, I have now, a smart and intelligent observer, who can look behind the scenes and give me useful intelligence. I see, that I shall make you a convert to my system, ere we have finished our tour.

With that he waved the crystal wands around the head of the Dewan, whose looks brightened into absolute intelligence as he answered the queries of his lord.

“ My good and faithful Ram Ruttun, I am delighted to see you

look so well. What news of the Kuttri* with the calculating head."

"Smelt a rat my Lord, calculated that two and two make four. That one head between the shoulders is worth two on brackets. Turned off short at Mansera, and cut away to Beerungulli. Isn't to be caught."

"Try him again, my dear Ram Ruttun. Tell him how happy I make all my friends. That the one desire of my heart is to see a happy and contented people around me."

Russalo thought the face looked anything but happy as it replied. "In that case, my Lord, pray tell the cook to put a spice less copper into the caldron. My throat smacks of it for a week after my ordinary dram."

"All shall be done according to your wish, my dear Ram Ruttun. It is the first care of my life to see my friends happy."

This then, thought Russaloo, is a benefactor. Euergetes as the Yavans call him. "And whose," said he, "is that queer little, one eyed, long-bearded, round-faced, knowing head, with a filthy green turban, with skin unwashed and beard uncombed. I have seen as handsome a mug fabricated, by a clown flicking a little ball of soft putty against a large, brown turnip. And yet the little elephant eye is full of sagacity. And if he was your head

* In the Punjaub the Kuttris are the mercantile class.

gardener, I'll warrant him illustrious in the procreation of parsley beds."

"That, my friend is the mighty Maharaja, Runbeer Singh, one of the most remarkable men of his day. Who combined in himself qualities rarely found in union ; profound sagacity, astonishing promptitude, unwearied patience, cat-like caution, and lion-like courage, and a good nature which, if cultivated, might have amounted to warm benevolence. Yet, who was, nevertheless, selfish, treacherous and debauched to absolute brutality ; nay, to a degree which swine might blush to witness. In the court of his descendant he is still mentioned as the Maharaja Soorg Baushee, or inhabitant of paradise, the great of the earth being sent to paradise as matter of course. Ye gods, what a paradise were needed to make him happy. Above him is the image of the Koh-i-Noor, of which he plundered his guest, the Ex-King of Hobble, by imprisonment and starvation. Monstrous breach of faith, for which his kingdom has past to another."

"And pray, how did his head pass to you ? Did he surrender that Koh-i-Noor willingly ?"

"I won it fairly at play. I have his bond staking it to me, which I will show you ; I took care to have a title to exhibit for such a *magnum bonum* as that.

"Oh," pursued the Raja, in a species of extacy, good faith, honor, benevolence, charity. "What were man without you ?

What were this world, but a gloomy charnel house, whose sole light invites to death. Ye august synod, heads of my cherished people, kings and nobles, potentates and powers of the land of the five Armed Indus, I call ye all to witness before this illustrious conqueror, to the good faith which hath been dearer to Sirikup than the breath of life. Whom of you all have I wronged ? Whom have I offended ? None ! then, none have I offended. Whose ox have I taken ? Whose ass have I purloined ? Whom have I robbed of even the value of a hide ?”

“ Me,” replied a clownish voice from a head of the front row against which Sirikup had incautiously rested the magical sceptres. Sirikup was a good deal startled.

“ You, my friend,” he replied, “ you are a notable instance of my softness of heart.”

“ Nevertheless,” replied the head, which was that of a Sooddun, “ you flayed me alive.”

“ No such thing you jackanapes’ replied Sirikup, “ I made them replace the skin before you * were more than half peeled. You ungrateful rascal. This is a proper return for my clemency.”

“ I should like to ask,” persisted the head, “ what your inclemency may amount to, if this is your sunshine.”

* This and what follows are, I grieve to say, facts belonging not to the era of Sirikup, but to our own. The Soodduns are mountaineers on the left bank of the Jhelum.

“Now, there,” said Sirikup, turning to Russaloo in great indignation ; “there is an instance of the vile ingratitude of my subjects. It is almost enough to change into a tyrant, the friend of the human race. For that fellow yonder, without a skin, was peeled throughout, commencing at the feet (always the most disagreeable method) and he says not a word.”

“No !” cried the Sooddun, “because you cut out his tongue as food for your pet cat.”

“Well, well,” said Sirikup ; “he had done with it, you know : and poor pussy was hungry. Next to benevolence to man is kindness to the poor dumb animals. In our realm every animal is contented. It is a common saying that not a rat is heard to squeak in the realm of Sirikup.”

“No,” said the Sooddun, “because you have starved them all to death. That terrible screw of your’s takes a half turn every hour. All nature languishes and dies beneath it. Mankind, the cattle, commerce, the very rats. It will soon crush the cockroaches. Ah ! Maharaja, erect a hall of skulls like this in every town of your Empire. Flay alive every tenth subject. But in pity, in mercy, relax your terrible screw, which desolates a province at a turn.”

“This is a malcontent,” said Sirikup. “If such things were true, my country would be deserted of its inhabitants. Who would stay in such a land.”

“Those who must. Those who cannot escape by flight, and have not courage to escape by the tomb. Every pass out of your country is beset with guards. None may leave it until he has left, as pledge, his wife or children. Your people entreat you to take all the products of industry to the very straw and chaff of the crops and the hides of their cattle; to leave them only the wild fruits of the forest, and of the lakes.* But your heart is hardened against their prayer.”

“Monstrous ingratitude,” ejaculated Sirikup, with upturned eyes.

“It is indeed monstrous,” observed Russaloo, “and universal as monstrous. Since I entered your kingdom, I have heard but one prayer. Ye Gods deliver us from Sirikup.”

“Who will ever again interest himself in the affairs of his people to reap such foul ingratitude. I am every thing to my people in my own person. I purchase from them all their commodities.

“Aye,” interposed the Sooddun, “and sell it back to them again, and all at your own prices.”

“Silence, you reprobate,” said the Raja, removing the wands. “I supply them with whatever their hearts can need.”

“All at your own prices,” asked Russaloo.

“At the prices fixed upon a just consideration of the heavy

* The lakes produce a root called Singhar? Which, when roasted, resembles the chestnut, and largely contributes to the sustenance of the people.

expences of Government. None is forced to send his goods to a distant market, on uncertain speculation. He deposits them in the warehouse of his village, and takes his receipt. No poor Ryutt, no unlucky Zemindar, can involve himself in the books of the village Usurer, thence never to escape. I advance him what is needful at a fixed perecentage of interest. Distant journeys are abandoned. The throng of dissolute, cheating merchants has ceased from Pukli. The Kuttri has closed his day book, the Usurer has burnt his ledger. I am all in all to my people, their father, their protector, their money changer, their banker, their merchant, their broker, their shop-keeper, their Sirikup. My life is spent in toil for their service. I forget my food, I forego my rest, to check their petty, dirty accounts. Not a penn'orth of tallow, not a raw hide nor skein of yarn is sold in my kingdom, but comes from me and is entered in my ledger. Some day, when I am gone, my people will learn, too late, what a friend they have had in Sirikup."

All this was uttered in a melting mood, and with an air of wounded benevolence. And again thought Russaloo, "This is a benefactor."

"And whose," enquired he, "is that queer-looking head, with long, lean face, projecting cheek bones, small grey, deep-sunk eyes, and colorless complexion, and the least possible number of bristles, that may stand muster as a "beard."

“That,” replied Sirikup, “is the head of a silly man, who understood every number, but No. 1. He early wrecked his iron constitution, in service to his country in an unhealthy clime. Yet from the bed of death would he rise to perform feats of hardihood hazardous to the soundest frame. A resolution the most indomitable at such times sustained the spark of life, when trembling and ready to depart. He had the faculty of forgetting himself in his zeal for the object before him. Without interest, without patrons, without, in any eminent degree, those gifts or accomplishments which pass with the vulgar for talent, and are too often no more than sleight of hand, he possessed some of the highest attributes of genius; superhuman energy, intense devotion, common sense amounting at times to inspiration, and a love of romantic incident, a tenderness of sentiment and of feeling strangely at variance with the matter-of-fact character of his reasoning powers. But he had perverse and heterodox notions, concerning the rights of man. He did not perceive, that the gods *will* a certain proportion of happiness to every clime, and leave it to mortals to scramble for their shares. He absurdly imagined that each had a right to a competence of this commodity, unless forfeited by crime. As if the gods kept ledgers of every petty account of mortals, like their poor drudge Sirikup, or cared a fig for the distribution, so that the sum totals of the account tallied. Thus, unceasing toil to adjust imaginary rights, wore him to a skeleton,

and he appeared utterly unmindful of the enlightened proverb of one of our Patriarchs,

Sacrifice thy goods to save thy wife,

Sacrifice thy wife to save thy son,

Sacrifice thy son to save thyself.

Thus, with a genius otherwise enlightened, and what the silly call 'noble ;' with a power of appreciating the talents of others which provided him ever with the fittest instruments of rule ; with the judgment of a sage, the ardour of a poet, the energy of a giant, the means of building up his fortunes beyond the skies ; he made enemies of the mighty, as he healed the wounded hearts of the lowly. He became the champion of all the oppressed, and sometimes, in his zeal for justice, the champion of oppressors, against whom he fancied a crusade had been preached. His personal property was squandered in providing for those who had no claims upon him ; and it procured him no applause, because his benefits fell silently in darkness like the dew of night. And as he gave his substance to those who could make no return, empty prayers and blessings were all the fruit."

"Empty prayers," exclaimed Russaloo. "Can you stand in the presence of the Great Spirit of the universe and talk thus lightly of the incense which ascends to His throne and prevails where the vows of the mighty of the earth are too generally heard in vain."

A peal of thunder at that moment shook the vault above them. The earth beneath their feet trembled in undulating thrills. The lifeless heads uttered each a savage shout as if the turmoil of the elements were their joy; and their stony eyes shot out long tongues of pale blue fire. It was a ghastly and a hideous conclave; such as is seldom witnessed amongst the walks of the living.

“Come” said Sirikup, a little disconcerted, “we will see the rest another night, follow me, noble Russaloo, to the hall.”

They retraced their steps, through the subterranean passage, back to the hall of banquet, guided by the flambeau which had preceded their steps, grasped in a hand which had no visible body. That flambeau was formed of the adipocere of the victims of Raja Sirikup.

In the beautiful marble hall, a single cresset was burning upon the carpet of silk. It was a most rare and lustrous little vase of gold, blazing with gems of the purest water and of the richest and most varied hues. The oil which fed the flame was redolent of perfume, but had Russaloo known its history,* he had loathed

* Prepared perhaps according to the following recipe, which, however absurd and horrible it may appear, was undoubtedly in use in India at no very remote period; the supposed product being still obtainable in the bazaars of the Duk-kun, under the name of Moomye. Recipe:—“catch a male child of four years without blemish. Fatten him wholly upon fruit. Hang him up by the heels, alive, over a slow fire, and carefully catch the dripping, which is a sovereign remedy for many maladies, especially for the effects of witchcraft.

the accursed light. Upon the carpet lay glittering a pair of dice. Each was of a single emerald, spotted with star like brilliants. The dice boxes of gold stood beside the dice. The flame burned with preternatural brilliance. Although there was but one lamp, the hall overflowed with light.

The Rajas, reclining at their several cushions, contemplated each the other awhile in silence. Sirikup's heart was inflamed with covetousness. He longed to possess his guest's cranium. He considered it again and again. Such a beauty, he had never seen, saving in his dreams.

"How shall we while away the night," said he, addressing Russaloo. "What say you to a throw of dice."

Now Russaloo had never in his life touched dice. The instructor of his childhood hated them, and spoke of them always as devil's bones. Russaloo had shared in the sentiment, and had all his life shunned every occasion of using them, or indeed of gambling in any form. But though a great and a good man, he had his littleness, and he dreaded to be thought by Sirikup wise or prudent enough to be above gambling. He therefore assented to the proposition of his host.

"And what," said Sirikup "shall be our stake."

"As you please," replied Russaloo.

"What say you then to our heads."

"Our heads," replied Russaloo ; "I 've no such collection as that you have exhibited."

“ You misapprehend me. I mean our several heads. My head against your head.”

The proposal was the first of the kind Russaloo had ever heard. But he was too much the soldier to express any dislike to the stake. Moreover, his blood was boiling to avenge the wrong of Sirikup's victims, which this proposition might enable him to do, without breach of hospitality. And although he would have preferred doing this by force of arms to the juggling expedient proposed, yet he trusted to the fortune which had still attended him (but to which he gave a different name) to bear him through with glory. He therefore assented readily in a bold and cheerful voice.

The storm which had ushered Russaloo to that Hall of Death, had now died away like the frantic passion of a giant satisfied with an exhibition of resistless might. The sole sounds breaking the stillness of the solitude, were the distant brawl of the mountain torrent, or the yell of the jackall on his midnight rounds. All in that fearful palace, excepting Sirikup and his guest, belonged to the shadowy world. The heads of victims whom that murderous hand had sent untimely to the grave ; and the immaterial sprites, which had once informed those tenements of mortality. Amid that ghastly silence, so deep, that every pulse of the heart sent its heavy toll through the brain : by the light of a single lamp burning brightly on the carpet, sate face to face the rival dicers, each intent to win the other's life. This, from the

covetous thirst to possess himself of the boon most precious to his fellow ; *that* the ardent and indignant zeal to free the world of so terrible a scourge.

Sirikup muttered an incantation, he vowed an offering for success to the Powers of Darkness. He promised them another victim and him their deadliest foe. At his summons there flitted from the fever-bearing fens of the Sirrun, the night-fiend who bewilders the hapless traveller luring him with lamp-like spark over the precipice's verge. It appeared to Russaloo in the shape of a snowy white mouse, which prowled about the carpet and finally nestled in the sleeve of Sirikup—right opposite that beautiful lamp ; which, like other Eastern lamps, was a vase of oil wherein lay, horizontally, the burning wick.

Russaloo, on his part, confident in the purity of his purpose, besought the great Giver and Preserver of his being, to grant him the high and glorious privilege to quell this robber of his race.

Both then leaned earnestly over the dice board, watching intently the slightest movement of his opponent. To any eye that might have looked upon that scene, it had seemed the strife of the spirits of good and of evil, at that time worshipped in Huzara, by the disciples of Zertoost. Such indeed was the contrast, between the bold front, the open brow, the keen, calm, falcon eye of Russaloo ; and the artful, stealthy, smooth and courtly

mien of Raja Sirikup. The light which brilliantly illumined their features and the dice board before them, now left all beside in shade : as if the more completely to shut out from those champions external aid.

For some time the throws were pretty equal. Each advantage of the one was counterbalanced by the succeeding advantage of the other. But at length fortune seemed to have deserted Sirikup, to settle upon the head of Russaloo, who threw doublets three successive times. The countenance of Sirikup became overcast. Every nerve was strained to attention. A ghastly pallor overspread his cheek, his breath panted and his hand shook. He knew he was dealing with no child. The sternness of his opponent assured him he had little to hope, should he bungle in his trickery. The very next throw must now decide his fate. This the sprite nestling in his sleeve in the shape of a mouse perceived, and he perceived also that the dice were again about to fall in doublets. Slipping therefore from the sleeve of Sirikup, he caught up the wick of the cresset lamp, just as the dice were falling, and was bolting with it from the dice board, when Russaloo's faithful companion, who, nestling in his lap, had attentively watched the game, leapt upon the little thief, and killed his mortal part with a cranch, yet without extinguishing the flame.

Russaloo carefully replaced the blazing wick and pointed to his throw. The cheek of Sirikup was of a ghastly pallor. Shame,

mortification, terror, confounded him in the presence of his conqueror. Russaloo rose to his feet and sternly drew his sword. "Monster," he exclaimed, "the groans of the fatherless and widow, the shrieks of the victims of your cruelty, the deep curses of a nation, whom your detestable avarice consumes by a slow and painful death, have been heard on high. Your crimes have found you out. Your hour is come. As thou hast dealt with others, so shalt thou be dealt with. But my father's sword never fell on the defenceless. If thou hast any manhood in thy vile nature, draw and defend thyself.

In an instant, the sword of Sirikup waved, flashing, in his hand. With so sudden a movement was it drawn and wielded, that one less prompt than Russaloo, had been taken off his guard. *He* caught however the descending blade, and soon showered his blows with such vigor and celerity, as left the monster no time to return them. Sirikup in spite of himself gave back. Russaloo pressed upon him. His keen blade was lifted, the point threatened Sirikup's throat. At that moment flitted a shadow over the wall of the apartment. A young and beauteous female, moulded in the rare and delicate beauty that belongs to the spirit world, and winged as a butterfly, floated fluttering in the air. In her left hand she grasped a bow of silver, in her right an ivory arrow was drawn to the ear. The shaft parted from the bow : it

pierced the manly breast of Russaloo. It drew a long stream of blood from his side.

But much more the rare beauty and grace of this winged nymph dazzled and disturbed the stern purpose of Russaloo, and threw him off his guard; and ere he could recover his self-possession, the keen blade of Sirikup had ploughed a deep furrow on his brow. Aroused to caution by the double wound, the hero threw his back against the central column, which supported the vaulted roof, and more warily sustained the combat against no common foe: for admirably skilled in the use of his weapon, possessed of great power and agility of limb, and a quick and true eye, Sirikup superadded the aid of those spirits of darkness who were subject to the power of his will. And ever and anon a winged dart from the lovely, fluttering Fay called for all the vigilance and skill of Russaloo to turn it aside.

And thus, with hand, foot and eye truly timed together, with soul intent and every nerve strained, the two mighty warriors maintained the strife, amid gliding ghosts, and yelling fiends, whose stronghold was invaded by the good Russaloo.

At length, when the wily Sirikup seemed exhausted by his energetic toil, Russaloo collected his own force together to beat down his adversary's guard with one mighty blow. He watched his opportunity. The arm was not seen to rise. The eye was not

seen to twinkle ; but as if a thunderbolt had suddenly cleft the roof, his blade was launched through the air. The shield and sword of Sirikup were vainly opposed to the blow. The shield was cleft, the sword was shattered ; the ample turban was shorn in twain. The murderous Raja fell crushed by the weight of that blow, bleeding and helpless, at Russaloo's feet.

The vengeful sword was raised to finish the work of retribution. A low, plaintive, female shriek arrested the avenger's arm. He turned—his heart died within him. There, extended on the silken carpet, lay that beauteous, fluttering Fay. As the sword of Russaloo was launched through the air, she had vainly darted to her father's succor. The keen blade had shorn her delicate wing away. The tide of life flowed plenteously from the wound.

Russaloo bent over her in an agony of grief and self-reproach. " Alas ! this then was his vengeance. The destruction of this young and beautiful and innocent thing. Her shaft was yet rankling in his side ; but he felt it not. He raised her tenderly in his arms. He bound up her wounds with the gentlest care. He hung over her with a mother's love. She looked into his eyes and smiled. Think you I could live a mutilated, grovelling wretch ; the glory of my young life departed ; the wing on which I soared destroyed ? Ah ! you know us not. Sweet to us is life, lovely is the sunshine of existence, whilst honor gilds our path. But if our self-esteem be sullied, if the wing of our freedom be shattered,

what heart, so cruel, would deny us the refuge of the Tomb.” “See,” she continued, pointing to her wounded father, as he lay extended on the carpet. “In *that* wound I am smitten. In his woes I am destroyed. I accuse you not—I blame you not. This has long been foretold—you have acted bravely, naturally. But now. Oh! remember your own generous nature. Spare the humbled and prostrate foe: shall it be said that Russaloo’s hand was lifted against the fallen?”

Russaloo was touched even to tears. “Can you,” he said, “sweet maiden, indeed feel affection for one, whose soul seems divorced from all human sympathy?”

She laid her small, sweet hand on his lips. It was as if a lily flower had touched them; already cold and white as the petals of that flower. As cold and white, but sweeter far. “Oh! forbear. Speak not of him. Say not that which a daughter must not hear. To me was he ever a father and a friend. If he have wronged you—be noble—be Russaloo ever, and forgive. Not for his sake. Not for my sake. I, too, alas! have wronged you. I see my shaft still rankling in your side. But for your own sake. That you may have your noble heart’s approval. For the sake of my infant sister the Rani Coqla, whom you have yet to see. Promise me, noble, generous Russaloo, promise me, that you will spare and not expose him.”

Russaloo thought of the load of crime resting upon that

monster's head ; of the claims the living had on him for protection—the murdered for retribution. But the passion of this lovely, dying maiden was irresistible—so young, so lovely, so devoted, and dying by his own accursed hand.

“ I promise,” he replied, “ upon this condition, that he forswear and forsake those hellish practises which call for vengeance from my arm.”

“ The promise is made,” said the dying maiden. “ Father, in your name I promise, that human sacrifices shall cease throughout your land. That the screw shall be removed. That you will be the friend and father of your people. Speak, then, say quickly, that you ratify the promise of your dying child.”

The wounded Raja raised his head. A gleam of tenderness, quenched in anguish, lighted up his features for a moment.

“ Alas ! alas ! my child, has evil fallen upon thee through thy father's crimes. Then, indeed, the measure of my woe is filled. Whatever thou, my child, hast promised, that swear I solemnly to fulfil.”

“ Then he is pardoned,” cried the maiden, with a smile of heavenly sweetness, which, as it rested upon Russaloo, softened into the tenderest, admiring love. “ Noble, generous friend, heaven bless and reward you.”

Her bright eye kindled : then suddenly dimmed and closed. She laid her small, white, fairy hand upon Russaloo's. She

drew one long, deep breath. Russaloo gazed and was sensible that her spirit had flown.

CONCLUSION.

At the dying entreaty of the lovely Rani Jootarre, Russaloo had taken to his house, her sister, still a child. The Rani Coqla's beauty is celebrated to this day. Russaloo hoped that in removing her so young from her father's roof, he might preserve her from taint and crime. He placed her under the care of his female relatives, aided by a priest of celebrity. But the faithful companion of his fortunes, she who had saved his life in extremity, disappeared the very hour that the infant Rani Coqla* became the betrothed of Russaloo. And with her fled from Russaloo's house peace, happiness and honor.

With the Rani Coqla commences a new epoch in the history of Russaloo, which apparently has formed a portion of the old Ballad, recording the achievements of that Prince. The particulars are too painful and revolting to be willingly made by me the subject of a tale. But at the same time they are too universally popular in the Punjaub to be wholly omitted. I will therefore relate them as concisely as possible.

Russaloo educated the young Rani Coqla from infancy apart

* The amours of Rani Coqla and Raja Hodi are the favorite subjects of the poet and the painter in the Punjaub.

from her father, and at an early age married her. Russaloo however had proposed to himself a life of rigorous self-denial and hardihood, without reflecting upon the claims a young wife possesses upon the tenderness and attention of her husband. Left alone by him in his palace of Moorut (since so called) whilst Russaloo followed the chase at Rujjooia or Dumtour, and little cherished or fondled on his return, a dangerous void was left in her young and inexperienced heart.

The young Raja Hodi, who seems to have ruled in Sohaut, Peshawur, and the Eusufzaie, and whose castle is still shown on the Hill opposite Atuk, Trans-Indus ; whether allured by her reputation for beauty, or accidentally led thither, came to Moorut to hunt or hawk. He saw the Rani Coqla looking from the window of the palace, and was violently enamoured. She saw him, and he took the place which Russaloo had left vacant in her heart. Russaloo was hunting at Dumtour. But he had left two guardians of his honor, a hill mhina and a parrot, both of which could talk.

And Hodi approached the window of the palace and looked around, and saw no one near in the court. But the beautiful Rani sat at the window looking northward ; and there was no approach to her chamber, excepting through the hall, where were menials of the palace. So Rani Coqla threw him down a rope, which she tied firmly to the balcony. And Raja Hodi clambered

up to the balcony by this rope and entered the chamber of Rani Coqla. And the mhina in great indignation exclaimed, "What wickedness is this?" And Hodi went straight to the mhina's cage and wrung its neck. So the parrot taking warning said, "The steed of Russaloo is swift, what if he should surprise you? Let me out of my cage and I will fly over the palace and will inform you the instant he appears in sight." And Coqla said, "O! excellent bird, do even as thou hast said," and she released the parrot from its cage. And the parrot flew swift as an arrow to Dumtour, and alighting upon Russaloo's shoulder, as he hunted the stag, exclaimed, "O Raja, may the shadow of your antlers never be less—a cat is at your cream." So Russaloo wheeled round his wonderful horse and galloped him back to Moorut seventy miles, without drawing rein. And the clang of his horse's hoofs in the court was the first notice of his approach. And Raja Hodi in dismay retreated down the rope, into the court, where he met Russaloo. And Russaloo made him follow into the wilderness, and there slew him after a brief combat, and cut out his heart and his liver, and had them fricasseed and set before Rani Coqla that day at dinner. As for Russaloo, he never tasted flesh meat, being a Julloo Raja. And Coqla ate the fricassee with relish. And when she had finished, Russaloo said, "My sweetest Coqla, how did you like the fricassee?"

And she replied, "It was delicious, my own darling."

And Russaloo said, "Do you know whose heart and liver you have eaten."

And she said, "Doubtless, they belonged to some dear little pet of a calf."

And Russaloo replied, "True, O Coqla! that heart was beating two hours ago in the breast of that pet calf Raja Hodi."

And this was said as they stood in the balcony—And Coqla hearing, clapped her hands and shrieked aloud. "Then will I die with him"—and leaping from the balcony, fell into the paved court, and was picked up apparently lifeless. And Russaloo bound the bodies of Hodi and Coqla together by a strap, and flung them over the steed of Hodi, so that one body hung on one side, and the other on the other. And he cropped the ears, mane and tail of the horse, and drove him forth into the jungle. And the horse took the route toward Ghayb, a district on the left bank of the Indus far below Atuk. And the prince of that county was a Chundala (out-cast of the Hindoos.) And the horse was brought to him with its strange burthen. And he ordered the bodies to be unbound, and he perceived that life still was left in the body of Rani Coqla, and with care she revived. And he was struck with her beauty and married her. And the Ghayb Race are descendants of this pair.

But remorse fell upon Russaloo—Probably he remembered that he had needlessly exposed his young and inexperienced bride to

temptation. And he caused her figure to be carved in stone, and set it up over that fountain at which they had so often sat together to enjoy the evening breeze. There the writer of this note saw it in 1848. But it had lately fallen under the bann of a bigotted Moolla, who had defaced the features. The place is called Moorut (the statue) after this effigy of Coqla.

The reader cannot fail to be struck with the coincidence of a part of this tale with one of the stories relating to the Crusades. Their origin must be common—I refer to the revenge of Russaloo in causing Coqla to eat the heart and liver of her lover. The tale is on the lips of every bard of the Punjaub ; and the ascent of Raja Hodi to the balcony is one of the favorite subjects for painters, and may be seen in fresco on the panels of palaces and temples. The people of Ghayb are universally believed to be the offspring of Rani Coqla after her disgrace ; a circumstance which tends to throw some color of probability upon the story of her misconduct and divorce. Hodi was undoubtedly a real person. In the valley of Sohaut and in the Eusufzaie, more than one old site of a considerable city or castle bears his name, and is traditionally reported to have been founded by him.

THE BIRD OF A LAND UNKNOWN.

WHENCE on thy wings of brightness, strange and lonely bird ?
 What is the voice thou utterest to the Heavens, whose the ear
 that lists, the heart that thrills the sound ? Was it taught thee
 pillow'd on the cloud-pack'd thunder ? Didst learn it rocking
 on the lonely deep ? When the song of the Mermaid rose plain-
 tive o'er the billow, and the halcyon as he floated, lulled that
 billow to repose ? Is there an unseen spirit that lists thee, an-
 swering in tones which thou only canst hear ? Or dost thou call
 her that hath left thee for ever and deemest in the echo to catch
 her reply ?

Sad and beautiful and lonely bird. Thou comest like my soul
 from an unseen region ; thou goest like that soul to a realm
 unknown. Lift again that thrilling voice. I too, have called
 and none hath answer'd : have pour'd my lone-spirit on the gale
 of night. Like thee have I wandered this o'er-peopled desert,
 seeking a fellowship, never to be known.

Bird of the unknown region, stranger with the radiant eyes,
 why dost thou haunt my wandering ? Art thou, too, forsaken
 and lone ?

Or has some young star stricken thee with madness. Hast thou

watch'd her in her beauty until giddy with delight ? Wouldst thou touch her with thy melancholy voice ? Wouldst woo her with thy lustrous eyes ? She a creature of the heavens, thou a poor wanderer of the earth ?

List and I will counsel thee by past experience. Fellowship in woe is a passport to the heart.

Thou hast heard of the fatal beauty of Lylie, of the love and madness of Mujnoon. *That* love had touch'd the hearts of nations and melted the stern spirit of the king. The monarch sent the maiden to her lover, and she bore the lone mourner the sweet offering of her hand.

But the lover shrank awe-struck from the presence of his Lylie. "Sufficient to Mujnoon is the anguish of his love." Too tenderly loved he that peerless maiden to involve her in the wreck her fatal beauty had wrought.

Hast thou a Lylie, lonely wanderer ? Learn for her sake the tenderness of Mujnoon.

On a heart long afflicted with trouble and anguish, where deep answered deep in the moan of despair, bathed in sweet lustre of youthful beauty, fresher than the fairest of the planets of Eve ; there rose on my soul, and I blest her appearing, a young, a pure and matchless star.

I watch'd her as she rose with the eyes of the Sabœan. I blest her fondly in my lonely heart. But I dreamed not her eye

could take note of my sadness. That one throb of her heart could be sacred to my woe. A young, a bright and blissful thing, floating in a soft, blue heaven of her own, to the thrilling music of the spheres. Well might that star be all to the watcher ; but what could the watcher e'er be to that star.

In a moment of gentleness, of the heart's sweet emotion, she darted to my soul a ray of pity, that flooded it with harmony and light. Like some blade which the Pole Star in its beauty hath kissed, that heart from that hour turned only to that star.

But she dwells apart in her beauty, in the pure, sweet atmosphere of innocence and peace. Distant and faint are the glimpses permitted of that young and Sovereign Star.

Is this thy sorrow, lonely bird ? Despair not yet. Lift again those glorious eyes. Cease that beautiful, but heart-desolating strain. I, poor mourner, will teach thee wisdom, and in her path shalt thou find peace.

Would'st thou lure that young star from the Heaven ? Would'st quench her blest light in the mists of this world of gloom ? Behold how blessed a thing she is. The Heavens rejoice in her beauty. Earth-born cares have never reached her. In light and in music she soars on high. When upon thee falls the gentleness of her pity ; it returns in blessing to her guileless heart. Seek not to entangle her in deeper sympathies. Love indeed is daughter of Heaven. But woe is still the offspring of love.

But when her radiance beams upon thee, when thou kneelest
on the spot where her pure light has fallen, when in silence her
eyes are turned on thine, flooding thy spirit with harmony and
light, then be thy being dissolved in blessing that young, and
sweet and peerless star.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Am I so chang'd in form and face, that all the child disown,
 Who lov'd the mountain path to trace, companionless and lone ;
 And back return'd, with bliss elate, unlock'd his fancy's store
 To loving hearts, since still'd by fate, to throb and love no more ?

It may be, that a fiery clime, that days of toil and woe,
 And nights of care have vied with time, to strew my head with snow ;
 It may be, that the helm of steel hath vied with pain and care,
 With mental torture's rack, and wheel my sun-scorch'd brow to bare.

But Zaidee, thou in whose sweet breast I deem'd mine image
 shrin'd,

Imparadis'd 'mid feelings blest of that fair, guileless mind—
 Thou who hast vow'd with that sweet breath, confirm'd with
 those pure eyes,

That heart reserv'd, for life, for death, my inviolate paradise.
 Had all prov'd traitors—thou, sweet maid, the leal and fond and true,
 I'd blest the very guile that shed on thee a lustre new ;
 But look, ere yet my back I turn on country, kin and race,
 My fathers' tombs and portraits stern, my once lov'd, natal place ;

Look once. Is this mine eye so strange, my form so alien grown,
That thou can'st not, despite the change, discern me for thine own ?
Those trees that on their rugged rind our names imblended bore,
Are they uprooted by the wind t'attest our love no more ?

The stream, that murmuring soft and low, thy whisper'd voice
might stay,

Say, hath it ceas'd its joyous flow—a witness past away ?

Those trees still o'er me glooming frown, still bear our names
imprest ;

Time that can pluck an Empire down, hath spar'd those tokens
blest.

The stream still murmurs as of yore, when thy fond, whisper'd vow,
It's dancing wave, delighted bore, a foam-bell bears it now.

Went I not forth to seek the fame, might make me worthy thee ?
What Eastern Land but knows my name, and trembling honors me ?
Where have thy charms not triumphs won in council or in fight ?
The captive, freed from dungeon lone, bless'd thee for life and light.

Thou deign'st not in this much scarr'd brow, the brow of yore to see,
What sword might there *one* furrow plough that was not ta'en for
thee ?

What ! can those tokens of his truth thy lover's form disguise,
So that each trait thou lov'dst in youth is hidden from thine eyes ?

Then, country of my love, farewell ; home, that my childhood rear'd,
My fathers' tombs, where silent dwell, their awful shades rever'd ;
All I inherit from my race, all my right arm hath won ;
Farewell, for aye !—One resting place remains, and only one.

Sternly he turn'd him to depart, in pride of his despair :
Cold was his eye and cold his heart, cold blew the keen night air,
The false world spread before his sight in its cold wintry gloom :
A colder chill, a deeper night he sought—the joyless tomb.

A shriek o'er that ic'd spirit rang, and through the portal high
A form of beauty frantic sprang ;—hope, terror glazed her eye,
Her step o'ertook the Wanderer lone, in voice that woe expressed,
She faltering gasp'd, “ thine own, thine own,” then sank on his
lov'd breast.

'Twas his betroth'd, his soul's rever'd, the idol long ador'd :
Struck speechless when he first appear'd, whose death she'd long
deplor'd,

She dar'd not trust her wilder'd eye, her throbbing, burning brain,
But stood in speechless agony fast thrall'd in passions chain.

But, as he turn'd, for aye to part, his profile cut the light :
Traits, graven on her inmost heart, reviv'd on her charm'd sight

A tone her shuddering soul transpierc'd, to her despair's dire knell,
The self-same tone which utter'd first, his sad and long farewell.

Her trembling heart the witness own'd, she flew his step to stay,
Joys sudden tide her senses drown'd, she sobbing swoon'd away.
He shuns not now his father's hall, their tombs, nor portraits
grim,

He bears no scar, but serves to call fresh blessing down on him—
She, whose sweet light hath cheer'd him on through peril, toil and
woe,

His star of Hope is nobly won, e'en death, scarce parts them now.

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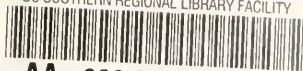
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